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The Grail

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JANUARY, 1947

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GUIDED READING

For lack of space The Grail is not repeating titles each month. These are late classifications. For a more complete list, see earlier editions of The Grail.

CLASS A (Unobjectionable)

* Barabbas (A Novel of the Time of Christ) ..	Emery Bekassy
* A Century of the Catholic Essay	Raphael Gross, C.P.P.S.
* A Night of Decision	Dorothy Grant
* As We Were	Bellamy Partridge
Lake Pontchartrain	Alophe Roberts
* Green Grass of Wyoming	Mary O'Hara
White House Physician	Ross McIntire
* Your Manners are Showing (For Teens)	Betty Betz
* Strictly Personal (For Teens)	Sheila John Day

CLASS B (Unobjectionable for Adults)

B.F.'s Daughter	John Marquand
Yes and No Stories	John and Helen Papashvily
Out on a Limb	Louise Baker
Return to Jalna	Mazo De La Roche
I Name Thee Mara	Edmund Gilligan
Color Blind	Margie Halsey
So This is Peace	Bob Hope
Holdfast Gaines	Odell and William Shepard
Purgatory Street	R. McDougald
The Plotters	Roy Carlson

CLASS C (Wholly Objectionable)

King Jesus (Blasphemous)	Robert Graves
Mortgage on Life	Vicki Baum
Uneasy Spring	Robert Molloy
The Iceman Cometh	Eugene O'Neil
Thieves in the Night	Arthur Koestler

* Recommended

The Cathedral Book Club, Chicago.

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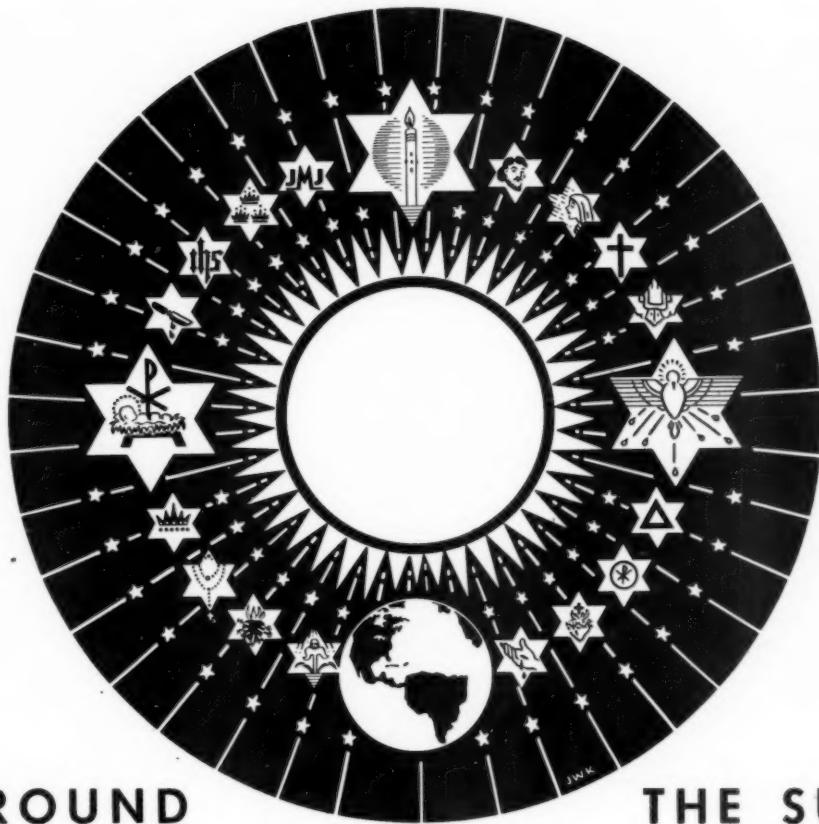
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AROUND THE SUN

SOMEWHERE the sun is shining"—is a cheery thought that brightens a dreary day. "Somewhere, at this very moment, the Holy Sacrifice of the Mass is being offered up"—is a truth that sheds light and warmth into every believing and loving heart. The Holy Sacrifice has well been styled the "Sun" around which the fruitful life of the Church revolves. Just as Christ is the "central Person in history," "so His sacrificial life, lived uninterruptedly on our altars, is the central point that attracts men to draw nigh and be the joyful recipients of the redemptive graces that flood the individual, well-prepared soul.

The Mass, like the great luminary in the heavens overhead around which our material universe revolves, is always the same. But around it Holy Mother Church has arranged lesser luminaries or spiritual planets (some fixed to a certain day, others movable)—the various feasts of Our Lord, our Blessed Mother, and the Angels and Saints. These feasts

add beauty and meaning to the spiritual universe.

Around the "Sun of the Mass" revolve, first of all, the three great planets—Christmas (Babe in crib), Easter (Paschal candle) and Pentecost (Holy Spirit and seven gifts), each marking a significant step in the beginning, progress, and completion of the work of redemption. Around these are grouped the lesser clusters of stars (feasts). Revolving clockwise, there are, after Christmas, the Feasts of the Circumcision (knife), Holy Name of Jesus (monogram), Epiphany (three crowns), and the Holy Family (monogram). After Easter there are the Feast of St. Joseph (head), Annunciation (head), Finding of the true Cross (cross), and the Ascension (feet in clouds). After Pentecost there are the Feast of the Most Holy Trinity (triangle), Corpus Christi (Host with monogram), Sacred Heart (Heart), Precious Blood (pierced Hand), Assumption (Lily), Seven Sorrows (pierced Heart), Holy Rosary (beads), and Feast of Christ the King (crown).

PLACIDUS KEMPF, O.S.B.

THIS month a new Congress takes its seat. In a sense, we Americans will be commencing a new phase of our national existence. Each Congress is an entity unto itself: that is, it inherits none of the mistakes of its predecessors or any glory of their achievements. It starts with a clean legislative slate and rises or falls in the public esteem as it deserves. The new Congress takes office at a time when the whole world stands at the crossroads of its destiny. Within the next few years it will either be almost irretrievably committed to the pagan pattern and its resulting miseries or else will be striving nobly to achieve that moral pattern which has almost been forgotten. Our government is destined to play a leading part in that decision. The Congress is, or should be, a guiding factor in American officially expressed decisions.

However, before the die is cast as to whether our position in world affairs will be that of the champion of morality and its justice or the leader of a wolf-pack of imperialistic Individualists, we must first make the decision whether the Christian or pagan pattern will control our own national life. Actually there should properly be no necessity for the making of such a decision, unless we have totally forgotten the fact that God is the author of the State and that the State receives its powers from Him, even though they may pass through the people. Although pagan philosophers try desperately hard, they cannot offer anything convincing to prove their contention that the State receives its authority from any source but Him Who established the natural law and society's natural order. Despite these constant failures, they continue to hold the attention of millions of Americans who apparently hope they will finally succeed. This causes one to wonder if these people have arrived at the point where they are willing to call the Declaration of Independence a document uttered upon an error or an untruth. For the fact is incontestable that our

Founding Fathers named as their authority to establish this nation "the laws of Nature and of Nature's God." Either our Founding Fathers were right or they were wrong. If they were right and we are continuing in their tradition, as we daily claim we are, then there is no decision to be made, except that we conduct our civil order in accordance with the rules of the religious concept of society. If they were wrong, something which perhaps only an insignificant handful of persons would contend, then it would be fair and just to admit that our independence has been based upon a fallacious theory of man's rights and it would be therefore logical to continue our search for a proper philosophy to guide our civil conduct as a nation. But it is certainly most illogical and inconsistent to admit in one breath that our Founding Fathers acted well within the authority given man by God and the natural law and in the next breath utter a hope that we may yet find a workable civil pattern which will be independent of the Creator for its inspiration and form.

Are our veneration for Washington and the respect which we accord his astuteness and political wisdom hypocritical or have we carelessly forgotten that he adjured all Americans never to forget that religion and morality are indispensable supports of political prosperity? In fact, Washington made it plain that no man could consider himself patriotic should he neglect "these firmest props of the duties of man and citizens." Today, in our civil order, there seems to be no disposition to reject both of these "props." From all indications, this nation is almost unanimous in wanting to be a moral nation in its public affairs. There are absolutely no indications that its people want it to be a bandit nation. Americans are far too idealistic for that. But with all their idealism, they are not sufficiently realistic. They seem to forget that they who dance must pay the fiddler and that they who would have a moral pattern must accept the foundation upon which morality must rest. "Reason and experience"

said Washington, "both forbid us to expect that national morality can prevail in exclusion of religious principle."

Perhaps too many Americans have come to think that while Washington was correct in his day, he represented a belief which subsequent experience has outmoded. Perhaps they believe that sentiments such as Washington and the other Founding Fathers expressed were properly buried about the beginning of the nineteenth century, when man moved into high gear with the coming of the Machine Age. Perhaps they believe that Washington's pronouncements were overwhelmed by the Liberalism, with its alleged liberty, which sprang full-fledged from the French Revolution. Perhaps they don't realize that it was practically a century after the French Revolution and the utterance of its doctrines that Pope Leo XIII wrote his famous Encyclical, *Immortale Dei*—The Christian Constitution of States. In it the Holy Father made a statement, the truth and force of which have found no successful challenger: "though endeavors of various kinds have been ventured on, it is clear that no better mode has been devised for the building up and ruling the State than that which is the necessary growth of the teachings of the Gospel. We deem it, therefore, of the highest moment, and a strict duty of Our Apostolic office, to contrast with the lessons taught by Christ the novel theories now advanced touching the State."

Even if many of our fellow citizens were not busy introducing novel theories, one would still be forced to wonder how a nation which daily prays that "Thy Kingdom come, Thy will be done, on earth as it is in heaven" can possibly dare hope to have this prayer answered, when it persistently by-passes God in the conduct of its daily affairs. Can it possibly be that after nineteen centuries of Christianity we Americans still do not realize that the Kingdom of God on earth is "the organization of human society in obedience to the will of God and the fulfillment of His purpose"? Of course, there are many who do

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Between the Lines

H. C. McGINNIS

THE CHRISTIAN CIVIL ORDER

realize it, but again we find two divisions: those who do something about it and those who don't. Those who don't are in the overwhelming majority. As paganism steadily advances its cause, fastening its clutches more and more securely upon our nation's life, a great many who bear the Christian label have evidently forgotten entirely the words of Pope Leo XIII in *The Chief Duties of Citizens*, when he said: "To give way to the enemy, or to be silent before him, while on all sides is raised a clamorous opposition to truth, is the work of the wickedly slothful, or of him who doubts the truth of his professions... Both are base and a dishonor to God; both are hostile to individual and universal salvation—a harvest only to the enemies of the faith." Reduced to the terms of the current situation, the Holy Father's words mean that we, as citizens, must let our new Congress know that there is such a thing as the religious and moral pattern of the civil order and that we expect our Congressmen, as our political alter egos, to strive mightily to conform to it. For, as Pope Leo has reminded us in *Immortale Dei*: "It is not difficult to determine what would be the form and character of the State were it governed according to the principles of Christian philosophy."

Our civil duties rank second to only our religious duties. Christian teachings emphasize this fact repeatedly. Both are definite parts of the pattern established for our conduct by the Creator. Although the two parts are separate, the civil part must be subject to the religious part. However, there seems to be the impression, and it is steadily gaining ground, that society has arrived at full stature and maturity and there-

fore need no longer be dependent upon the religious concept of life for guidance. As the result, our political, economic and social orders have been divorced from God's law. The results of this divorce need not be enumerated. They are plain enough on every hand. Worse yet, they appear to loom very plainly in the future. We deplore the fact that we appear to be facing horrors and chaos worse than the horrors and chaos of the very immediate past and the present, yet we refuse to bestir ourselves sufficiently to demand by our delegated representatives in the civil order that practice of Christian truths which alone can rectify this condition.

Pope Leo XIII once repeated the old and most true saying that "nothing is so great an obstacle to Christian truth as ignorance of it." It is most evident that Christian truths are not winning out over paganism in our civil society. They are not even holding their own. There must be a reason. Is it possible that we who call ourselves Christians are ignorant of the application of Christian truths to the conduct of civil affairs? Can it be that we have been misled into mistaking the Christian doctrine of the separation of the Church and State for the separation of the religious principle from the conduct of our civil life? If so, aren't we sadly lacking in our knowledge of what constitutes the complete pattern of Christian life? If, on the other hand, we realize our Christian obligations to civil society and fail to satisfy them, do we disagree with Pope Leo when he warned that "it is a public crime to act as if there were no God?"

In a democracy such as ours, our civil order is what we make it. Public behavior reflects the character



H. C. McGinnis

of the people who compose the public. If this public behavior is an offense to the religious and moral concepts of life, the reason is one of two. Either we deliberately choose to do what is wrong or we permit wrong to develop because of neglect of our responsibilities. A sin is a sin, whether it be one of commission or of omission. In these crucial times, a miserable world looks to our nation for leadership and guidance. It looks upon us as an example, perhaps failing to differentiate between our industrial progress and our moral progress. It is likely that our material greatness has obscured in their eyes our philosophical deficiencies. However that may be, the fact remains that the rest of the world will, for the most part, follow the direction we take.

Our 80th Congress will have much to say about this direction. Since the Constitution makes it the mouthpiece of the people, when it speaks it will speak for us. It must enforce chart either a moral or an amoral course. Whether that course will be moral and Christian will depend upon America's Christians. We must speak with that boldness required of its soldiers by the Church Militant. To stand silent in the face of paganism's greatest onslaught is the equivalent of denying God.



SAGA OF THE UNCONQUERED

IT was in broken English—sprinkled with his lilting Normandy French—that our guide, with shrugging shoulders and gesticulating hands, narrated the enchanting history of Mont-Saint-Michel. Parrotlike, he reeled off the history of every room, of the arched ceiling and slit windows in the ancient refectory, the fan-vaulted chapels, swathed in their deep medieval atmosphere, and the spearlike steeples jutting into an azure sky. Yes, this was the gem of medieval architecture that I had longed to visit; this was the famous unconquered abbey-fortress, a living vestige from a past civilization of hardihood and heraldry. At last I was seeing Mont-Saint-Michel.

The abbey caps a rocky island that leaps out of the sea about a mile off the northeast coast of France at the point where Normandy becomes Brittany. For twelve centuries its sheer pinnacle has loomed in the fog and mist to the dizzy point 250 feet above the sullen waters below, an indomitable challenge to time, nature, and the thunderous furies of wars.

Previous to my visit here, I had known of the Mont only through the pages of my history book, but even this intrigued me. It became more than a reality to me when I gazed up its façades and lacy Gothic spires, felt its age-worn buttresses, peered dizzily over its parapets, and viewed the coast of France through its oriel. Walking along the stone-emblazoned corridors and standing in the prismatic splashes of sunlight filtering through the flaming glass outlines with delicate flamboyant tracery were experiences that no library of history books could reproduce. To visit Mont-Saint-Michel

was to live again in the Middle Ages, to imbibe the customs and culture of another era and another world; it was to breathe the atmosphere of knightly chivalry and romance, spirited crusades, monastic chant and abbatial silence still seeping from the pores of ageless stone.

The experience was a tangible one, a vivid sensation of a life set in deep contrast to our ultramodern world of speed and whirling gears. More vivid was it, perhaps, for its uniqueness, for nowhere on the face of Europe does there stand a monument that can match it in historical value as a monastic and military heirloom of the Middle Ages.

Millions who have visited the Mont have been inspired with awe, as I was, by its majesty and faultless Gothic architecture. The tiny clinging village with its steep, cobbled, narrow streets is canyoned by quaint corbie-gabled houses with overhanging balconies of ancient Norman design; the arches, gateways and stairways leading to the abbey, bring one back to the days of William the Conqueror. The Normans were always a strong and sturdy race—their edifices reflected these traits. Gone are the monks and abbots that once seemed almost part of the architecture, but one cannot visit here without feeling that they are still in possession of the abbey.

Every part of the abbey-fortress is a thesaurus of architecture and a veritable museum of articles characteristic of the various periods. The choir

O. H. Hampsch

loft, for instance, reconstructed in the artistic Gothic style in 1421 after it had collapsed, blends surprisingly well with the lower portion of the church, still vaunting its bold lines of Romanesque. The undersea effect caused by the pale green windows probably does much to harmonize the two styles.

The *salle des chevaliers*, or knights' hall, was scientifically constructed with heavy columns to support the upper cloister. And with the same scientific ingenuity, the cloister called "The Marvel" (for its architectural beauty) was hewn in light-weight sculpture in order to minimize the strain on the lower levels. But one is so steeped in this dreamlike atmosphere that it is almost impossible to drink in all the hidden beauty and art in every niche and garret of this Aladdin's castle.

* * *

Mont-Saint-Michel abounds in many legends—and what historic edifice does not have its traditions and varying histories? The most universal and accepted of these legends relates, through chronicles, that St. Aubert retired to the then barren rock to live in the ideal hermitage that the rugged islet afforded. It was there, in the 8th century, that the Archangel Michael appeared to him and commanded him to found a chapel on its summit. Believing the vision to be an artifice of

Satan, he did not heed it. Later the Archangel appeared and pressed a finger on the Bishop's forehead. Being thus convinced that the vision was true, St. Aubert called workers from nearby towns and villages and ordered them to build an abbey there. Relics were obtained from an Italian monastery and enthroned in the chapel for veneration. Being then regarded as under the special protection of the Saint, the Mount was visited by a steady stream of pilgrims, including Charlemagne and other monarchs of the period, who hollowed the granite stairs with their footsteps.

It was in the year 1022 under Abbot Hildebert II that the larger project of erecting the abbey at the summit of the rock was undertaken—the structure that stands today. At this time, the Abbey was endowed by large estates, and with additions the work progressed through the eleventh century. It was besieged by the Bretons in 1203 but never captured. One very remarkable fact is that during the Hundred Years' War the English, who stormed it many times, could never take possession of it. During the later centuries restorations and improvements were made, and its interest as a point of pilgrimage grew. In 1469 Louis XI made a pilgrimage to the abbey and there instituted the Order of St. Michael. At the end of the 16th century the Huguenots stormed the abbey but



were repulsed and massacred.

Then came the fateful day during Napoleon's reign after the Revolution, when the monks were driven out of their monastery, never to return. This utopian abbey that their monastic predecessors had erected stone by stone, which they themselves had expanded and repaired, which they had gallantly defended against the futile attacks of the barbarian hordes, which had sheltered them from the blasts of the temperamental sea that encompassed the tiny islet—this monastery, a citadel of religious prayer and worship, was no longer to feel the comforting presence of the monks. No longer were its chapel lamps to flicker the tiny rays of cloistered peace across the shallow waters to the coast of France. The hallowed abbey was converted—sacrilegiously, it would seem, into a military prison to house rebellious soldiers.

The barren cells of the monks became prison cells. Doors that had been opened by the monks at the invocation of a prayerful ejaculation were now closed with vile curses. Meditation cloisters were now sentries' beats. Sacred walls that had sequestered saints from the world now squeezed tightly about the depraved and vulgar soldiery that sought escape like caged animals. The spires were no longer arrows of prayer aimed heavenward; they were now bristling spears of maddening confinement. The haven of prayer and peace had become a pandemonium of lust and hate.

Most of the remnants of the monks' industrious-

ness were employed in the maintenance of the prison. One such remnant that captured my interest was a gigantic wooden treadwheel of squirrel-cage design in one of the pinnacles. Operated by manpower, it was used to hoist materials for keeping the building in repair. Most of these precious remnants were left intact, despite the fact that the Mont was occupied by Nazi air observation troops during the recent World War.

After the French-Prussian war the French government took possession of the structure (after an unsuccessful attempt to re-establish a religious order) and has since restored and preserved it as an historic monument to the present day.

* * *

Of all the chateaus, abbeys, and other edifices of bygone days, marking most of the provinces of France between the Channel and the Mediterranean, many have notable histories and legends and are of superb architectural design, but none, in this author's estimation, has ever approached the majesty or the grandeur of this notable abbey-fortress. It is only regrettable that it is not still under guidance of a religious order instead of the State, so that one might again see the Benedictine monks walking among its ramparts, hear them chanting the flowing strains of Gregorian in the choir, and watch them meditating in its stonewhewn cloisters, like silent guardians of a monument and of a timeless culture that were really theirs.



DIANA Pratt yanked open the door of her coupe, crawled inside, curled up on the seat and bawled; loudly, lustily and with mounting wrath, as awareness of her acute need and her inability to cope with that need smote her afresh.

Between yelps of self pity Diana vowed never, never to forgive Ray Davis, her former fiance, from whom she had parted—forever.

Definitely it was his fault that she now found herself in this terrible predicament. Her car, with a flat tire, stuck in the mud on an un frequented road, at nine o'clock of a winter night, one hundred miles from New York, on the first lap of her journey to nowhere.

A cold merciless rain was falling and a harsh wind moaned dismally. Not a star lighted the sky; no hint

of an amber moon tinged the horizon. Doubtless that detestable Ray Davis would be at their favorite theatre while she, Diana Pratt, alone on a deserted road (of course it was Ray's fault that she had deliberately chosen this lonely road) half starved, practically freezing to death, prey of every passing adventurer, sat in her stalled car and sobbed to the dripping skies.

Why had she ever promised to marry a man who wanted her to give up her nice independent life? A jealous, hateful man who really expected her to cook his meals, wash piles of dirty dishes, clean horrid floors, darn his socks. "O-oo" wailed Diana, "and my nice offices, my darling apartment, g-give up all this for a selfish man who thinks he owns me body and soul. No more dates, ever, with dear Ted, or Bron or Stan. J-just cooking, d-dishes, s-

ocks, ugh—"

At this point a vicious wind hurled a deluge of icy rain smack against the coupe window with a gleeful snarl that made Diana Pratt writhe in fear. She promptly dried her eyes, opened the door, crept out, pack in hand, and once more attacked that wretched tire.

Why had she never learned to jack up a car wheel, change a tire, and, er- well, get a car out of a mudhole? Why must she be so helpless when maybe her very life was now literally in her own hands. Once Ray offered to teach her these things, if he—no, stop it! he had no part in her scheme of things any more. She had returned his ring. Clearly she could still hear his final words to her.

"Diana, when I marry I want a home, with all that the word implies, I—"

CUPID TAKES A BOW

"I suppose you want me to do the laundry, perhaps scrub the basement," she had interrupted scathingly. Ray had studied her a long moment before replying. Then, calmly: "Well, women as fine as you, Diana, have washed clothes and scrubbed basements because they thought it their job."

"Then you DO expect me to be a sort of, sort of servant, Ray Davis," she raged. "And I won't be, do you hear? I am a successful business woman, not a household drudge."

Ray got up then, took his hat and said, very quietly, "Well, goodbye, Diana, good luck."

She had stripped off her ring and handed it to him saying icily, "Goodbye, Ray Davis." He took the ring, tucked it into his pocket and went out the door.

This, Diana knew, was the end of her beautiful romance. Again and again, during the year of their engagement, Ray had pleaded with her to marry him. He was a brilliant attorney from a small midwestern city, slowly but surely carving a niche for himself in a city where niches had to be won by dint of sheer tenacity, ability and courage. His income was now ample to provide all of the comforts and a few of the luxuries for his bride and, until tonight, he had fondly cherished the dream that Diana loved him enough



to give up her business career and marry him—if he really insisted.

But Diana stubbornly maintained that she too, had won her present high standing in the business world by the selfsame means he had employed—hard work, courage, ability, tenacity of purpose, added to a genuine liking for her work. And, that having won her hard earned position she was loath to surrender it. Why couldn't she keep right on working after they were married? But no, her fiance had to have some absurd, quixotic notion about being the sole provider, the head of the family.

He wanted a real home, he said. And that meant having a wife who devoted the same meticulous care to her home-making as he devoted to his business. It meant having children and he, Ray Davis, (insufferable brute) insisted that she was the only nurse and governess he wanted for his children. At this point in their arguments Diana either diplomatically changed the conversation or burst into tears. Well, no use torturing herself with those moth-packed memories, for Ray was back there in New York while she was here, a million or so miles from that beautiful friendly city stoically starving to death.

When Ray Davis, radiating smugness, reveling in warmth and comfort, gorged with food, read in his morning paper that she had frozen to death on a lonely road, her revenge would be complete.

Derisively the wind shrieked; spitefully the rain fell; zeroard plummeted the spirits of Diana Pratt as she prodded and pushed and shoved at that stubborn, unyielding car wheel with that impossible jack. It was no use, she was stalled here and might as well make the best of things. But O! how she despised Ray Davis. Crawling back into the coupe she removed her soaked shoes, curled up on the seat, her cold feet under her and resolutely set about

the business of forgetting the culprit.

Eerie sounds sent icy shivers racing up and down her spine—maybe gangsters were coming—no, thank goodness, only the wind and the rain. Determined to find forgetfulness in sleep, Diana resolutely closed her eyes, but sleep eluded her. Shifting her position she began: "Little Jack Horner sat—OO—ooo! what was that? Pooh, just your jittery nerves, D-Diana Pratt. Little Jack - Horner - Sat - sat - s - sat - in - a - cor—"

"WHOOO-OOOO!!" wailed the wind. Spang-g! slap-slappety - slosh-smack-k! roared the rain, against her window panes. Diana's teeth chattered; something, it must be her heart, rose up in her throat almost choking her. She reached out a trembling hand, groped for and found the despised jack; firmly gripping it in both hands and assuming a martyr-like pose, Diana awaited her fate. Time moved on. Nothing happened. Gradually her fears subsided; she relaxed. But despite the heater it was getting cold in the car, and Diana now clearly understood how one felt in the final stages of starvation.

Once more she closed her eyes courting sleep. Firmly she began counting sheep. All of 'em. White ones, black ones, gray ones, ewes, lambs—986 - 987 - 988—" Suddenly she stopped, engulfed in fresh waves of terror, listening to the ominous sound of an approaching auto. "Kidnapers, m-murderers," gibbered Diana. But the big car passed her by, turned to the right and disappeared.

At its passage Diana's heart resumed its normal beat, gradually her jangling nerves quieted. What time was it, anyway. Fretfully she got up and pressed the light button. Lots of nothing happened. "Darn the luck!" blazed Diana Pratt, Manager, *Interior Decorators, Inc.*, renewing her pressure on the button with considerable force. This explained why the heater was cold. Well, one had only one time in which to die, said Diana to herself, as gnawing pangs of hunger warned her that starvation was just a mat-

ter of hours. Utter gloom prevailed.

"Wheee-eee, whoo-oo-ooo," howled the wind with mounting fury. "Spang-g, slap-pp, sputt-tt, whamm-mm," banged the sleet at her window panes. Well, Ray Davis was now free to find for himself a combination drudge-laundress-dishwasher-cook-nursemaid to live in his detestable house—a loathsome creature, like that horrid Reba Morton—whom he could boss to his heart's content. "And I hope she keeps him miserable every hour of every 24—forever." With which cheerful wish Diana dismissed Ray Davis from her mind, crawled over to the other end of the seat, covered herself with the car robe and sought forgetfulness in attempted slumber.

"X is the unknown quantity—" "Whee-eee, sputt-tt, whamm-mm." "X is the unknown, the unknown—what, in mercy's name is that?" wailed Diana through chattering teeth, as the long-drawn, quavering howl of a dog rose to mingle with the storm. Once, "y-o-o-ooo-ooo" twice, "y-o-ooo-ooo" thrice, "y-oo-ooo-ooo" that nerve-shattering ululation coming nearer.

"Wolves! panthers! mad-dogs" croaked Diana trying not to breathe. She had read stories of lone humans who had been attacked and devoured by ravenous beasts. Well, if that was to be her fate Ray Davis could blame himself. But no ravenous beast appeared and the dog's cries ceased.

Diana dozed, roused, finally slept soundly. The sun awoke her. She looked at her watch, 8 o'clock. It was incredible that she was still alive and unharmed. She put on her shoes, got out of the car and stood looking about her. Not a familiar landmark anywhere, not a sign of human habitation. But there must be a house nearby, she reminded herself, remembering the car that had passed in the night. The ground was covered with sleet and it was unlikely that anyone would find her today.

The situation now assumed all the earmarks of gravity. If she didn't wish to spend another night like the previous one it behooved her to elicit

aid from some source. But where? From whom? How go exploring over this treacherous terrain? To add to her woes complications would arise back in New York City. When she failed to appear at the office this morning and couldn't be reached at her home Miss Stone, her able assistant, would become alarmed and, as a last resort, before summoning the police, she'd phone Ray Davis. "Damn," said Diana Pratt, loudly and succinctly, starting up the glassy hill.

She slipped and fell, slid to the side of her stalled car and by its aid hoisted herself upright, decided to sit it out and crawled back into the car. An inquisitive squirrel poked his head out of his nest in the oak trees, peered at Diana with bright, alert eyes and ventured out onto the wet limb, chattering and scolding. "If I get my hands on you I'll eat you raw," she threatened. "Wonder if I could hit him with the jack," she mused.

"I'm weak from hunger and my head aches—ker-choo! ker-choo! and I'm taking cold, too." Tears gathered in Diana's eyes, tears which could not be stayed. She knew she was the most thoroughly unhappy and miserable person in all the world. If only Ray—no, Ray would not be seeing her any more. He'd probably marry that awful Reba Morton, who had always angled after him. Reba was lazy and sly and—well, Diana Pratt, what business is it of yours whom Ray Davis marries? You gave him the gate. Yes, but he was bossy and detestable and—er—he can't order me around. But he loves you, pricked conscience, you've broken his heart. I—Oh, will you stop it! and concentrate on your predicament?"

Around noon a grizzled old man alternately skidded and rolled down the hill near Diana. He picked himself up staring in disbelief at the car and its occupant. "Howdy," he greeted; "be ye lost?"

"Yes, I'm lost. I've got a flat tire and I'm starving to death, been here since last night." To herself she said, "Go ahead and kill me if you want to."

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an' my ole 'oman live tuther side th' hill; think ye kin git that fur afoot if I hold yer arm? Caint do nothin' with the autymobile till th' freeze melts some—mebbe termorrer me an' my boy Zeb kin lib'rare yew."

"Maw, brung yew some comp'ny," he said an hour later, pushing open the door of his home. "She's might nigh starved, she sez, an' got her a bad cold. Found her a settin' in her stalled autymobile tuther side th' hill; bin thar sence yestiddy night."

"Why yew pore thing, set daown here,—take off yore wet shoes an' stick yer feet in the oven. Scat! Tabby. Zeb, go git my carpet slippers fer th' lady. My name's Mandie Osborne, this's my husband Enos an' our son, Zeb."

"I'm Diana Pratt of New York City."

"Miss er Mrs?"

"Miss."

"Wa-al, Miss Pratt, yew drink this hot coffee an' by th' time yew git warm, dinner'll be ready. Yew like baked ham an' taters an' corn bread, Miss Pratt?"

"Oh, yes! Mrs. Osborne, I like anything! anything!"

"Wa-all, draw up yer cheer an' eat hearty."

After the meal the men folks departed and Mrs. Osborne and Diana lingered at the table conversing of many things. "I'll send you money to pay for all your kindnesses, Mrs. Osborne; I left home so hurriedly I forgot to bring money."

"Yes, I know how 'tis bout fergitting things, but we aint wantin' money. I'm right pleased tew have yew. Whatever 'tis yer runnin' way fum, it'll all come out right."

Next morning, thanks to the Osbornes, Diana was homeward bound. Her trim little car securely fastened to the rear end of the Osborne jalopy, had lost its jaunty air as had its one-time haughty owner, who now sat in the rear seat of the ancient car, wrapped in a horse blanket with hot bricks under her feet.

"Zeb, yew reckin we kin make hit?"

"That right front tire ain't much good, paw, but mebbe—"

"Bang! bang!" exploded the tire, subsiding.

Sitting there on the highway you, Ray; in fact, I adore you."

Mr. Enos Osborne and his son Zeb, tried their best to keep their eyes on their work, but as Enos told his wife, "thet kiss the feller give her an' the happy way they wuz lookin' at one 'nother wus much too good to miss, so me an' Zeb took it in. We undid her autymobile fum oun an' he tied it ont' his'n and 'way they went. Hope they make it back, but th' state they wus both in, I dunno, I dunno."

A long, sleek roadster hove into view, came rapidly toward the stalled car wherein Diana Pratt sat disconsolately watching the Osbornes at work. The sleek car drew up and stopped alongside. The driver peered into the dim depths and shouted: "Diana! where in heaven's name have you been? Miss Stone is frantic. I—good gosh! Diana Pratt, you can do the most gosh-awful things."

"Ray, Darling."

"Eh?"

"Ray Darling, don't scold me. I've been punished enough. I'm sorry I was so horrid; I'll marry you the minute we get home, if you'll have me and I'll do all the things any faithful wife is supposed to do. And Reba Morton can't have you and I'll sell the shop to Miss Stone;—she's always wanted it—and I love

you, Ray; in fact, I adore you."

Mr. Enos Osborne and his son Zeb, tried their best to keep their eyes on their work, but as Enos told his wife, "thet kiss the feller give her an' the happy way they wuz lookin' at one 'nother wus much too good to miss, so me an' Zeb took it in. We undid her autymobile fum oun an' he tied it ont' his'n and 'way they went. Hope they make it back, but th' state they wus both in, I dunno, I dunno."

"Oh, they'll git back all right, an' git married an' she'll settle daown, have a batch o' kids an' make him a good, faithful wife; them kind allays does, soon's they git thar bearin's. She give me her address an' an invite to visit her. Don't yew remember, Enos, th' time me an' yew hed a spat an' I vowed tew fergit ye?"

"Yes, I recillict, an' we wus mar-ried th' next week, I ain't never bin sorry, hev yew, maw?"

"No, Enos, I ain't never bin sorry. Somehow thet Diana Pratt brought back a heap o' mem'ries, happy ones, bless her heart, I wish her happiness."



Christmas Broadcast Station WHAS Louisville, Kentucky

The Midnight Mass will be broadcast in its entirety from the Abbey Church at St. Meinrad, Indiana, from 12—1 A.M. C.S.T. December 25. The Mass will be sung in Gregorian Chant by the Monks of the Abbey.

Station WHAS of the Columbia Broadcasting Company, can be heard in most of the eastern and central States. If you hear and enjoy the broadcast, will you kindly drop a card to the



Monks of St. Benedict
St. Meinrad, Indiana

E * C * H * O * E * S

FROM



OUR
A B B E Y
H A L L s

The annual Forty Hours Devotion was held this year on October 25-27. Though we little suspected it at the time, this was probably the last time that the Forty Hours will be held as a combined institutional event at St. Meinrad. In the new regulations governing the dates for this Eucharistic Devotion throughout the Archdiocese the Minor and Major Seminaries have received separate times for the Forty Hours Devotion. The dates assigned for the coming year, 1947, are February 7-9 for the Minor Seminary and February 14-16 for the Major Seminary. While the new arrangement will give each of the departments a chance to honor our Eucharistic Lord in its own chapel, it will in all probability deprive us of the grand ceremony of the closing of Forty Hours in the Abbey Church as we have known it in the past, attended by all the members of our big family on the hill.

On the feast of Christ the King, October 27, the new group of students at St. Placid Hall donned their Oblate Habits for the first time. The ceremony was conducted as usual by Father Abbot in the Crypt of the Abbey Church. Among those in-

vested were William Smith and Robert Vogelsberg of Louisville, Ky., John Crowe of Bardstown, Ky., Arnold Brocker, John Thompson and Clarence Wittmer of Evansville, Ind., Robert Steppig of St. Louis, Mo., John Baker and Orlando Manfrey of Warren, Pa., Gilbert Sievers of Vincennes, Ind., Robert Neitzel of Aurora, Ill., Robert Lang of Cincinnati, Ohio, Charles Carter of Bloomington, Ind., Siegfried Glose of Plymouth, Ind., and Robert Lueken of Ferdinand, Ind. Robert Gerk a latecomer from Kansas City, Mo., received the Oblate Habit at a later date.

Blood flowed freely at St. Meinrad on October 29. No, we did not have any accidents. It all happened according to a pre-arranged plan. On that day a number of the Sisters and nurses from St. Joseph's Infirmary in Louisville, Ky., called at St. Meinrad to receive volunteer contributions for their blood bank, which had run low. After a full day's work here the visitors carried off to Louisville 113 pints of good red blood. Not many days later we received a letter telling us how much of the blood had already been used to give others a

better lease on life—infants, sisters, priests, etc. No doubt the other pints will also be put to very good use at the hospital. Our big hope is that all the beneficiaries of this sacrifice on our part will become better Christians because of the "pious blood" (supplied by priests, religious, and seminarians) now coursing through their veins.

November brought with it the beautiful feasts of All Saints and All Souls. The contrast between the two feasts is strikingly brought out at the Vesper Service on the afternoon of November 1. Scarcely have the strains of the joyous antiphons of the Vespers of All Saints died away when the organ suddenly becomes mute and the plaintive melodies of the Vespers of the Dead are heard. Our thoughts suddenly shift from the Saints in heaven to those, who though no longer with us on earth are still on their way to the Heavenly City—detained on the way because of sins and faults yet to be expiated. One of the most beautiful Catholic customs connected with the memory of the dead, a custom nowadays seldom seen except in Catholic rural communities, is the

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procession to the cemetery. At St. Meinrad this is always a most impressive sight—five hundred seminarians in cassock and surplice followed by the oblates, brothers and monks in somber black with drawn cowls, slowly wending their way to and from the cemetery at the foot of the hill. For the procession on November 1 the weather was ideal; however, rain on the morning of November 2 prevented our holding the regular procession that day.

* * * * *

On November 13, the Feast of All Saints of the Benedictine Order, we were privileged to have with us the Reverend James M. Gillis, C.S.P. It so happened that Father Gillis was in our vicinity at that time as a speaker on the Te Deum Forum. Though his schedule was already heavily crowded, Father graciously consented to come to St. Meinrad for a lecture on the morning of the 13th. None who heard him regretted having given up the morning of what ordinarily is one of the biggest holidays of the year to listen to his enthusiastic words on Dynamic Christianity.—The afternoon was devoted to the traditional "Bunny Hunt."

* * * * *

According to a cablegram received from Rome Fraters Guy Ferrari and Harold Hammerstein arrived in Italy on November 17 and proceeded at once from Genoa to the Eternal City to begin their studies. When they left St. Meinrad in early October it was their hope to be at Sant' Anselmo in Rome by November 1 for the opening of the school year. The shipping strike on the East Coast, however, kept them in New York until early November. As yet we have no details of their more than three weeks long ocean voyage.

* * * * *

Disaster befell one of our Indian Mission churches on November 24. The little St. Benedict's Mission Church, the pride of the missionaries at St. Ann's Indian Mission, Belcourt, N. D., was reduced to ashes that Sunday morning. With the thermometer at something like four degrees below zero the janitor had done his best to make the chapel

cozy for Father Stanislaus and the good folks who packed the church for the ten o'clock Mass. At the Pater Noster Father suddenly began to feel uncomfortably warm. An odd noise in the basement of the church warned him that something was amiss. As the parishioner who was asked to investigate opened the door to the basement, flames and smoke burst into the church. Father Stanislaus quickly consumed the Sacred Species, purified the chalice, and hurried the people from the building. As they left they carried with them all the moveable property they could lay their hands on—statues, stations of the cross, and even some of the pews. But the sacristy supplies, vestments, and even the altar vessels fared less well, since they were just above the place of origin of the fire and rapidly fell victim to the flames. With no water available and no possibility of getting near the fire, all that could be done was to watch this beautiful little house of God go down to ashes. The missionaries hope to be able to erect some type of temporary roof over the basement walls so that Mass can be had at St. Benedict's on Christmas Day.

* * * * *

In the evening of November 27, the eve of Thanksgiving, the Abbey Symphony Orchestra presented its annual Fall Concert—an event eagerly looked forward to each year by all the members of the institution. In addition to the usual selections by the orchestra this year's program contained as a special feature a group of numbers by Father Christopher and Frater Theophane on two grand pianos. That the piano duo arrangement found a sympathetic audience was evidenced by the number of encores demanded. A shorter yet equally delightful concert was given on the night of December 2 as a part of the program honoring His Excellency, The Most Rev. Paul C. Schulte, D.D., Archbishop of Indianapolis, on the occasion of his first visit to St. Meinrad.

* * * * *

It was our great privilege on December 2 to welcome to the Ab-

bey and Seminary our new Archbishop. His Excellency, Archbishop Schulte, arrived at 4:00 P.M. and was met at the front of the Abbey Church by the whole monastic community. As the procession entered the church the seminarians who filled the nave and galleries greeted His Excellency in the words of the "Ecce Sacerdos Magnus." Then followed the ecclesiastical ceremony for the reception of a Prelate. At 7:30 that same evening all assembled in the college auditorium for a program of music and song in honor of the new Spiritual Father. Father Abbot Ignatius then voiced the sentiments of all in heartily welcoming Archbishop Schulte to St. Meinrad and pledging him our unfailing cooperation and support in the great tasks that lie ahead. In his gracious response His Excellency told of his long desire to see St. Meinrad and how he had to become our Archbishop in order to do so. On the following morning, the feast of St. Francis Xavier, patron of the Archdiocese of Indianapolis, His Excellency pontificated at the Conventual Mass and preached a beautiful and inspiring sermon on thanksgiving for graces received manifested through zealous labors in the cause of Christ. Shortly after noon dinner, which the good Archbishop took with the monks in the Abbey refectory, the festive ringing of the tower bells announced his departure.

* * * * *

Do you live on a farm? Are you interested in beautifying your farmstead? If so, you should have attended the Harrison Township Farmers' Institute held in the college auditorium on December 3-4. This year's program was devoted entirely to the theme of "Developing the Farmstead." Suggestions were given by various speakers as to how farmers could bring beauty as well as efficiency to the farm home and its surroundings. If the territory around St. Meinrad soon begins to take on some added beauty and charm, it will no doubt be because the local people understood the message of this year's institute and are acting to make it a visible reality.

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CHAPTER FIVE

THE FATHER



BEFORE THE DAY WAS OVER, all Montilla was in a state of great excitement. Eleven-year-old Michael Lopez was not going to die after all! The dreadful ulcers which had covered his body for two weeks were drying up. No longer had he a fever. He was crying out for food—and this, after not having taken any nourishment for several days.

"It's good Father Francis who's responsible!" Maria Lopez insisted joyfully when unbelieving friends and neighbors flocked to the house. "Oh, God be praised for sending him to us...."

"He's the most wonderful man I ever met!" cried Diego. "As long as I live, I'll never forget the way in which he read those holy words from the Gospel...."

"Didn't I tell you that my plan would work?" exclaimed his mother-in-law. (She also was beginning to feel much better.) "Father Francis's prayers have true power with God."

The Franciscan friars in Montilla were just as elated over the miracle as the townsfolk, particularly old Father Matthew. Hadn't he always known that Francis was a great soul? Hadn't he even prophesied that there would be a miracle to prove it? And as other wonders began to be credited to

Francis's prayers—the cure of a beggar suffering from a variety of ailments, the settling of long-standing disputes between this family and that, the conversion of half a dozen hardened sinners—the old man's pulse quickened with joy. Just one thing was cause for sadness—the knowledge that soon Francis would be leaving his native town. Worried about the honors which now were being heaped upon him, he had applied for a transfer to some other house of the Order. Oddly enough, his request had been granted at once. In a few days he was to go to Arizafa, where he would fill the post of Novice Master.

Although their hearts were heavy at the impending loss, Father Matthew and the others of the community realized the wisdom behind the Father Provincial's unexpected order. The friary in Arizafa was larger than the one in Montilla, and there were a considerable number of novices there. With Father Francis as their instructor, these young men would have the inestimable advantage of seeing how a saint lives and works and prays. Though they themselves might be of no more than average virtue, there was a good chance that under his direction they would become real saints. The result? Someday as priests they would go forth to make others holy, too. They would carry Father Francis's wonderful spirit throughout Spain, even to the far-away missions in Africa. Then thousands

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of men and women, at present not at all concerned about knowing and loving God, would find themselves asking for, and receiving, the most wonderful graces.

"Truly, one good man can help to change the face of the earth," Father Matthew told himself emphatically. And this thought brought another, the one so often expressed by Mother Teresa of Jesus, the great Carmelite reformer whose monasteries of cloistered nuns were now multiplying so wonderfully throughout Spain:

"One perfect soul can do more for God's glory than a thousand ordinary souls."

Like Father Matthew, Francis was fully aware of Mother Teresa's famous saying, and at Arizafa he lost no time in passing it along to the young men under his care. Well he knew the importance of the task he had been given—the training of young men to be wise and holy religious—and so he let pass no opportunity to accomplish this end. He made use of even the simplest things, such as a rosebush in the friary garden, to illustrate to the novices the manner in which they were to grow in the service of God. For instance, when the rains fell, or the sun beat down mercilessly, or the pruning knife was used, what could the rosebush do but obey the law of its nature whereby it was passive to the elements and to the intelligence of the human being in charge of its welfare? The result was that eventually the bush brought forth many beautiful and fragrant flowers, delighting those who gazed upon it and turning their thoughts to the Creator of such perfection.

"Why not think of this often?" Francis asked the novices one day when they were out for a walk. "You see, in one way we are plants, too—in God's garden. If we give ourselves completely into His keeping, we cannot help but flourish as He planned."

For a moment there was silence, each of the novices pondering the latest suggestion of the Novice Master. But presently a troubled expression on one young face caused Francis to laugh heartily.

"What's the trouble, Friar Philip? Don't you like the idea of the rain or the sunshine—or the pruning knife?"

The youth hesitated. "Yes, Father. They're... they're all right, I guess."

"Well, what is it then?"

The novice colored. "I...oh, Father! It's so hard to explain!"

By now all eyes were on the young religious, who was shifting awkwardly from one foot to the other. Francis knew full well what was the trouble. Like so many beginners in the spiritual life, Friar Philip had been trying to be a great saint in just a few days, not realizing to what an extent his

aspiration was tinged with pride. As a result, he had become disheartened at a seeming lack of progress, and now this talk of rain and sunshine and a pruning knife had even frightened him.

"My son, who founded our Order?" Friar Francis asked suddenly.

Taken aback by such a simple question, Friar Philip stared in amazement. "Why, Father Francis of Assisi," he said slowly, "in the thirteenth century."

"Yes. And for what was our Father Francis noted?"

"Well..."

"He was always joyful, wasn't he?"

"Yes, Father."

The Novice Master reached out a friendly hand. "Little brother, the good man knew all about the rain and the sunshine and the pruning knife—those trials which God has in store for every soul—but he knew about the worth of a smile, too. So perhaps we should try to find out about it also?"

Again there was silence, and after a moment Francis continued with his lesson. In simple words he pointed out that the trials God sends are not easy to bear, even for those who have the light of faith and who are anxious to advance in the way of perfection. Yet they become less painful if one meets them with a smile.

"Just a little smile will do," Francis explained.

"But I don't feel like smiling when I have a trial," objected Friar Philip. "Why, when my head aches, or things don't work out the way I planned, I don't feel a bit happy."

"It's that way with me, too," put in Friar Paul earnestly. "Yesterday, after I was scolded for breaking a dish..."

"You felt quite hurt."

"Yes, Father."

"You didn't smile at all."

"No, Father."

"Well, the next time something unpleasant happens, why not try my plan? I think you'll find that it works."

With these and other friendly talks, Francis soon won the complete confidence of the novices. But a year later, when the novitiate was transferred from Arizafa to San Francisco del Monte, a mountainous solitude near the town of Montoro, he found that there was other work to do than that of guiding his little brothers to a more fruitful knowledge and love of God. Even though Montoro was in an isolated valley, word of his preaching abilities already had reached the townsfolk and they had petitioned the superiors that he be allowed to come down into the town from time to time to instruct them in religious matters.

"We need a man like Father Francis," they insisted. "Our children need him, too."

So it was that once or twice a month the Novice Master left his friary home to preach to the people of Montoro. On such occasions the whole town turned out to greet him, the children leading the way up the winding mountain road and singing the hymns and litanies which Francis had taught them. In due course the procession would reach the public square, where for an hour or more the Novice Master would hold his audience spellbound with parables from the Gospel. Or he would relate stories from the lives of the Apostles, those stalwart men who had found in all the trials and hardships of the world only stepping-stones to an intimate union with God.

"Everything that happens in our daily lives can be turned to good," Francis repeated over and over again. And then, as he had done with the novices, he explained the great value of joy. Troubles greeted with a smile, even though it must be a forced one, lose much of their weight. In fact, sometimes they lose all of their weight and show themselves for the true blessings which they are.

Two years passed, and in the friary of San Francisco, high in the mountains above Montoro, Francis's qualities as a spiritual guide became more and more evident. At the Provincial Chapter of 1582, as everyone had expected, he was relieved of his post of Novice Master and made the Father Guardian. What matter that he was but thirty-three years old? Admired and respected by his fellow-religious, he was surely the very one to hold the important position.

Alas! The new honor greatly disturbed Francis's peace of mind. He who always had found a comforting security in obedience no longer had a local superior to obey. More than that. He was responsible for the spiritual and physical well-being of men much older than himself.

"Dear Lord, what am I going to do?" he prayed earnestly. "Surely this is some dreadful mistake!"

But the Father Provincial and his councillors knew that Francis would make an excellent superior. There was no need to choose another for the responsible post.

Realizing that the decision was unanimous, the new Guardian finally ceased his objections. "So be it," he told himself silently. "But I would rather have had the least place in the house than the one that has been given to me."

A few months later, as Francis was making his morning meditation in the friary chapel, he heard the sound of bells from the distant parish church of Montoro. It was not the slow and solemn dirge of the passing bell. Nor was it the joyful peal that



In God's garden we are plants too.

marked the celebration of a wedding. No, it was a frenzied clangor in which there was no respite. Francis curbed his curiosity and tried his best to collect his thoughts. The new work as Guardian was such a great responsibility. Although things had gone smoothly enough so far, he needed help and strength to carry on successfully.

"You'll have to continue enlightening me, Lord," he whispered, stretching forth his arms toward the Tabernacle. "There's so much here that I don't know! So many souls to guide, so many tasks to supervise . . ."

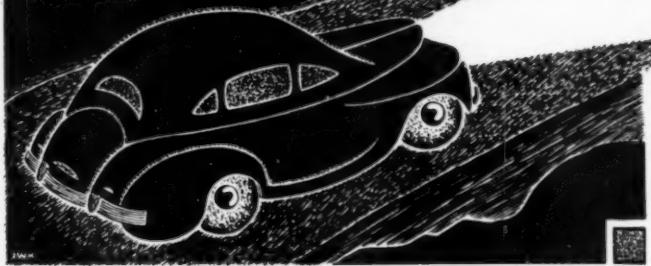
Suddenly the peace and quiet of the empty chapel were shattered by still another sound than discordant church bells. "Father Guardian!" cried an anxious voice. "Father Guardian!"

Turing, Francis's eyes widened with amazement. Father Bonaventure had burst through the vestry door and now was standing beside him, his face white, his body was trembling like a leaf. Before Francis could ask what was the trouble, the latter had slipped to his knees. His eyes were glistening with fear.

"The plague!" he announced, teeth chattering. "It's come to Montoro, Father! Oh, what are we going to do?"

(To be continued)

WHAT OF THE NIGHT



JEROME
PALMER
D.S.B.

THE SCHOOL — WHAT GOES ON HERE?

FOR several years the hammer and sickle have been known to hold a place alongside the eagle of American liberty in some of the schoolrooms of our nation. We have seen in caricature the long haired were-wolf, a ticking bomb under each arm, mounting the university rostrum to supplant the time-honored ideals of democracy with the newly discovered tenets of Marx and Lenin. The picture is probably not one bit exaggerated, for ideologies as subversive as those of the International are fully as destructive as any bombs known to the atomic scientists.

But it is not only the shaggy and ragged Communist who threatens to wreck our education. If the Marxist will just wait a little while he can save himself the trouble. The learning process of our educational system has been on the decline for some years, and at least among themselves teachers admit it is getting worse rapidly.

It is almost inexplicable how, despite the highly developed educational agencies and costly equipment of our day, so little is being achieved in the classroom. The

teachers are, theoretically, probably the best trained the world has ever had. University courses in both educational methods and in the field of their teaching prepare them to be excellent teachers. Many of them are sacrificing men and women, working as we all know on a salary far below that deserved. Some parents, no doubt, are paying more to have their chickens fed than to have their children educated. But the schools are almost forbidden to educate the children. False as it may sound, the parents are often against the training of their children; the children are against anything like an education—and the teachers are helpless against these odds.

Molly-Coddling the Children

THE greatest harm to the school child today derives from the fact that parents, guardians, sometimes even teachers and the law, have so molly-coddled the children as to make babies out of them instead of mature citizens. They go through the schools without ever learning submission to authority, without ever learning what discipline is. We see the ridiculous spectacle of tiny tots at the age of five, dressed in cap and gown, as

they "graduate" from the kindergarten. Thus, diploma and mortar board, once the symbol of a long and hard-won battle for education becomes a toy to be awarded for a cute dimple or a semester of block piling and stick building. As the child grows older the three R's are shoved more and more into the background, and in their places reports are issued on such vague attributes as personality, citizenship, cooperation, graciousness, orderliness, and reliability. The hickory stick cramps the personality; it must be discarded. The dunce's cap creates complexes in the child's disposition; it must go to the museum. Study must not be allowed to encroach upon "free time," and all in all nothing must be allowed to interfere with the material contentment of the child.

All teachers know that it is the hard things that train the child—not the easy. To excuse the children from hard things in school—or at home—is to encourage mental laziness. Those teachers who do the thinking for their pupils, who simplify and omit and boil down in answer to the demand of their lazy charges are guilty of a crime. It is intellectual debauchery. Very many teachers in all posts of service seem to be doing their work

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under the impression that the more they help their pupils and boost them up, and through, and over their studies, the better. This is a serious mistake. For teachers and parents to remove the difficulties instead of inspiring their pupils to mount them is to throw away the tools wherewith their work is to be done. It is to withhold the meat on which their pupils are to grow; it is to prostrate the ladder on which their pupils are to mount.

Revolution in the Classroom

YOUTH have taken things in the classroom pretty much into their own hands, and it is not a good thing. Here one feels the futility of picking a few instances from the papers of the nation as illustrations of what is happening throughout the land. Strikes against Colored pupils; strikes against athletic coaches; strikes against home-work—every week almost there is a shocking report from some school or other. And no paper has yet dared to print the exact account of what goes on in many of the schools.

What sympathies could possibly be given the 700 striking students of Foreman High School in Chicago in November (1946)? Though the unruly actions of these children fatally injured the school janitor, according to the principal, when they rushed through the corridors between classes, they represented an effort on the part of the teachers to enforce the ordinary rules of decency and politeness. Because the faculty enacted conduct rules forbidding shouting in the corridors and improper boy-and-girl attitudes, the students "walked out." (See the Chicago Daily News, Nov. 14, 1946.) When a pack of male and female rowdies can stage a demonstration against rules that forbid eating in the corridors and throwing papers on the floor, or against necking in the halls and wearing shirt tails outside of trousers, then you have a full grown tantrum, the fruit of years of molly-coddling. Be it lamentably recorded that the striking students forced their teachers to grant them four out of five de-

mands and to compromise on the fifth. This will be a sad commentary on our educational system of the 1940's.

Need we print here the sordid details of a basketball initiation which consisted in stripping the candidates of their clothing and marching them down the streets of an Indiana town "in puris naturalibus"? Would we be allowed to print a letter from a high school boy, in which he tells that in his school the boys in a game of strip poker played in the school's toilet, remove their clothing piece by piece? What this particular high school has tolerated even in the classroom during class periods is unprintable. The hazing practice of "pantsing" is widespread. It takes place in theaters, on public thoroughfares, and on the playground.

In a public high school, a Catholic girl picked up her chair in Art class and used it to strike a boy across the back. What she said as she did so, we cannot print. The student who witnessed the scene says:

The profane language of the students—and I mean both boys and girls—is simply horrible. That's the kind we hear in classes, between classes, and on the campus. They, too, (I mean boys and girls) are always ready to find something indecent to talk about. When in class something is said by the teacher and anyone at all can find some filth in it, the majority of the class hears it and the whole class is disturbed. Instead of being ashamed when corrected by the teacher they think it is funny.... In classes, too, when two of the students disagree on a subject, one can always expect an uproar such as throwing of books and erasers, swearing, and to end it all, just getting up and leaving the room.... The boy I buddy with, who spent part of his freshman year in [a distant state] said the behavior there is the same.

A midwestern city last winter experienced a shocking thing. In an effort to get the best pupils of

the grade school together and to enlist their help in stemming a tide of vandalism, the monitors or traffic boys were asked to meet in one of the city's auditoriums, there to be addressed by the mayor, a city official, and one of the priests of the city. Hoodlumism broke loose when the mayor rose to speak. He was allowed to say only a few words when someone in the crowd shouted "Bingo!" at him and this was the signal for an outbreak of catcalls. In astonishment the mayor relinquished his place and allowed the city official to try. He, too, was allowed to say but a few words when someone shouted at him: "Where did you get the crippled leg?" Bedlam ensued and the priest then rose to speak. "Boys," he began, "you do not understand that these men are here for your best interests. They want to help you...." He could get no further, for some heckler shouted: "That's what YOU think." With this the meeting was called off and the young rebels, the best boys supposedly the city could gather together, showed their utter disregard for authority, whether vested in the officials of the city or ministers of God.

What about Athletics?

THE VINCENTIAN for November carried an article "It's a Gyp" by James A. Fischer, C.M., in which the writer points out that the vast amounts appropriated annually for public schools are not bringing results in educational fruit. What he has to say about public schools might with some modification be said also of a few Catholic schools. Teachers' Salaries are discussed in "The Saturday Evening Post" of November 9, and much of the injustice done to teachers is clearly presented by two able writers. "The Torch" for November has a short but very pointed article by Ed Willock which laments that:

Energies, which, if applied to the real problems of society (and God knows we have problems!) might well mean their solution, are turned to the business of hitting baseballs, running races, making one's bid, or

doing the course in part. The endless details of transporting thousands of men to see a handful of their fellows perform a childish ritual according to an intricate set of rules is accomplished with ease. The problem of feeding starving people is miserably fumbled for lack of enthusiasm, energy or wealth.

Many are the stories told to expose the practices of luring athletes to colleges with education a very minor consideration.

Father LeBuffe, S.J., tells the story of the athletic-loving chemistry professor who received the athlete sent to him by the dean with this note:

"If this chap can't get 50% in his chemistry test, he can't play in Saturday's game." So the professor sat the youth down and said sternly:

"What color is blue litmus paper?"

After deep thought the athlete saw the answer: "Pink," he cried proudly. The professor tried a second: "What is H₂O?"

"I don't know," replied the youth sadly.

So the professor sent him back to the dean with this note: "The young man may play in Saturday's game. He answered correctly fifty percent of my questions. He missed the first one entirely, but he said he didn't know the answer to the second one, and that was correct."

Another chemistry professor, upon whose decision depended whether or not the lad would play in the season's most important game, decided in this very wise and prudent fashion:

"This is to certify that this young man knows enough chemistry to play a good game of football."

If some of the interest and effort put into football and basketball were employed in study, the results would be quite different. And here is the place to say that the football coach and the boxing instructor demand and receive more discipline from their trainees than do the instructors of English, mathematics, and history from their pupils. And that is why they have more glowing results.

This may, in some instances, be due to the fact that it is easier to bend the back and neck and knees and shoulders than it is to force the understanding and memory to go to work. But there is also the possibility that the children are given more encouragement in athletics than in serious studies by doting and misunderstanding parents, who chop the wood and fire the furnace so that Junior can chase some imaginary opponent up and down the football field, or practice pivot shots at a barrel hoop nailed to the side of the house. To be first in a Latin contest Jane will not study an hour, but to win a tin crown as "Queen of the Pigskin Prom" she will spare no effort—and she is likely enough spurred on by an ambitious family and an eager school.

The correction lies in the attitude and action taken by the parents.

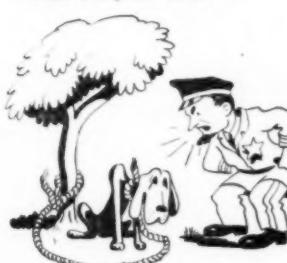
They must give their children to understand that lessons will be heard at home each evening and if the children are on good behavior all week, they may be allowed a movie on Friday night. The children must also know that whatever action the teacher takes in school will receive the hearty support of the parents. This will do much to remove the shackles despite which the teachers must now try to educate the children. No more molly-coddling; no more babying. From now on it's order, obedience, respect for authority, discipline—or else. And the "else" can profitably revert to the hickory. Then student strikes will come to an end, and we will not have the appalling revolt against rules that only state what one's common sense (provided he is gifted with a modicum of it) would dictate.



It is a criminal offense in Alabama to put salt on the railroad tracks.



Because playing dominoes is strictly forbidden on Sundays, you should find some other game to while away the time.



In Birmingham, if you fasten an animal to a shade tree growing in the streets, you'll receive unwelcome attention from the police force.



Dear Reverend Editor,

Let me hasten to commend you on the timely article in the "What of the Night" column by Jerome Palmer, OSB—under the sub-title "The Reading Habits of Some Americans." (December 1946)

A casual glance at the current best sellers (which incidentally should be classified as "*best smellers*" because of their stench-filled pages) leads me to believe that the publishers now pay their writers according to a "sex per square inch" system. A popular fad among the teen-agers of my locality is to close

their correspondence with "Yours-forever amber." Of course this is a mere surface result but it shows how the modern novel can and does influence the daily life of its readers.

Yes, Father, I'm well acquainted with the effects of these "literary booby traps." I've seen them devastate the minds and hearts of many of my friends and classmates. Several friends, even though fortified with a Catholic education, have found a "book-of-the-month" to be the introduction to their spiritual undoing. Youth in its eager search to discover the meaning of life often

accepts the much publicized and easily accessible novel as an infallible source. A brief taste of life as presented in these suggestive novels frequently creates a quenchless thirst in the reader for more vulgarity, thus paving the way for moral ruin.

In an effort to stress the harm done by this printed poison, let me mention my own personal experience. When I was fifteen years old and earning almost three times that number a week, I made my first regretful contact with the products of sex-mad authors. Such was the beginning of a nightmare of anguish that possessed me over a period of months. I was definitely on the highway to damnation but through the mercy of God I received the grace of contrition.

Will the young students in our elementary schools today who are learning the fundamentals of Christian morals have their noble ideals shattered and confused by the popular novels in 1950? I say "No!" and I pray that hearts all over the land will echo this decision. By supporting the Catholic Press and by boycotting all business houses that handle immoral publications, this hope will be a welcome reality.

May Christ, the Source of all purity, and His Virgin Mother bless your work.

Sincerely,
(Name withheld)

WHY, writes a woman correspondent, do not the priests of this country "thunder to a suffering, weary world that the road the drunkard walks leads to hell, that the way is littered with blasted dreams and shattered homes and broken hearts?" In fairness to our cloth one must reply that the suffering, weary world already knows at first hand, better than we can describe, the evils of alcoholic abuse and that in our efforts to inculcate the spirit of virtue we do insist upon avoidance of all seven Deadly Sins, of which drunkenness is one—the

sin of Gluttony.

Our critic, however, feels that in order to abolish excessive drinking we should mobilize and crusade for the restoration of prohibition. She goes on: "...when a woman sees her husband reeling home night after night; when a mother sees her children wanting for the barest necessities of life because their father leaves his pay envelope at the corner saloon ... cold, reasoning logic does not register at all. But her heart calls out against the injustice of a society that permits this catering to a man's weakness and her soul rebels against the Church that minimizes the sin and the degradation of drunkenness. The 'fruit of the vine'

becomes to her the symbol of hell and damnation. And if she had her way she would tear that vine from the earth and call it cursed."

This pointed appeal springs from the very ground on which advocates of prohibition take their stand today. The movement has revived in an effort to duplicate the Noble Experiment which had such disastrous results after the first World War. Not all its promoters are as intellectually honest as our correspondent, who is a Catholic but agrees with their aim. The movement parades under the banner of religion, patriotism, adherence to ideal. We Americans are always so eager to impose our ideals and concepts of right and

wrong on others that it would be advisable to look at the moral issues involved before toying with the "dodge" of effecting national temperance by enforcing total abstinence throughout the land.

Two problems immediately stand out. One is chronic alcoholism, the disease which leads its victim a merry dance and leaves him a bleary hulk of a man. The other is the actual manufacture, use, and sale of intoxicating liquors. The first is really a problem for the sociologist to study and solve. The second forms the core of the discussion initiated by our correspondent—whether the use of spirituous beverages is morally wrong and if not whether its abuse warrants correction by the medium of national prohibition.

Wine, beer, whiskey, and similar refreshments can hardly be considered evil in themselves. At the worst, they may be characterized as indifferent—to be taken or left as the spirit moves and in accordance with Christian moderation. The words of St. Paul about a little wine being good for the stomach and the evangelical account of the marriage feast of Cana in Galilee speak for themselves. We are told by our critic, however, that these instances are mere banalities always advanced in favor of drinking. It is more important to note simply, then, that the materials out of which the various liquors are made, distilled, or compounded issued from the hand of a Creator Who can do no evil. And who are we, after all, to criticize and seek to destroy His handiwork? If we want to abolish alcohol entirely by eradicating the vine, we must likewise uproot wheat and corn and countless other sources of alcohol, for there is hardly a living plant which does not store up the sugar or starch from which spirits are extracted. In that case our social ills would all be remedied, it is true, but we would be too dead to appreciate our Utopian existence, for while plants can live without animals, animals cannot get along without the vegetable kingdom.

Wherein, then, does the sin of drunkenness lie? Certainly not in the use of such beverages, but in the

abuse of them. The use to which we put any of the products of God's creative act determines the moral nature of our action. It may be good, bad, or indifferent, according as our motive and the result achieved are good, bad, or indifferent.

The automobile, for instance, is in itself an ingenious device for taking us from place to place more easily and more quickly. Surely no one will deny that it is intrinsically good, as it was manufactured for a good purpose. Yet, place an irresponsible person behind the wheel and what happens? Instantly that same automobile becomes a potential engine of destruction. If through careless driving an inoffensive pedestrian is run down, the *raison d'être* of the motorcar is thereby abused, though it still remains intrinsically good.

By the same token, an ordinary kitchen knife in the hands of a housewife serves an end that is without question useful and good. In the hands of a murderer it may become an instrument of homicide through the abuse of its purpose.

Again, the marital union of a husband and wife is sacred and good because ordained by the Creator for the propagation of the human race. Outside of marriage, however, such intimate union is an abuse of this end and therefore morally wrong. Moreover, the use of contraceptives, even in the marital state, impedes the normal outcome of the reproductive function and so vitiates by abuse the natural order of things.

The tavern or saloon is itself a place which may or may not foster sin, depending upon the individual who drinks there and the individual who sells there. In itself it is something indifferent. Our critic raised the doubt that Christ, were He to come on earth today, would allow himself to be seen in a tap-room. One hesitates to place a limit upon our Lord's possible activities. One can only recollect that in life He had dinner at the house of a pharisee, much to his disciples' discomfiture and scandal. Say only that if He should in our hypothesis deign to enter a present-day saloon, He would

Rev. Luke M. Ciampi, O. F. M.

do either of two things. He would cast out the abusers of the good things of His Father, as He cast them out of the Temple, or He would sit right down and give a shining example of what should be the controlling virtue of life—temperance and moderation in eating, drinking, speaking, playing—and, yes, even in praying, for the spiritual life is healthy only when it follows the golden mean.

We must argue in the same way as regards alcohol. It becomes bad only when its purpose is abused. For that matter, even water whose intrinsically good properties are universally recognized may admit of abuse. Still, logic, we are told, will never remove the abuse which is drunkenness. We must agree. Nor will national prohibition attain that goal. It is superfluous to advert to what happened the last time when the ideal of nation-wide temperance failed of realization and the second evil proved greater than the first. It is enough to venture that no argument from the common good justified the unpopular imposition of prohibition any more than it would justify outlawing automobiles on the score of the high death rate for which they are responsible.

To enforce total abstinence upon any creature is to deprive him of the Creator's most priceless gift to the human being—that free will which places him above the beasts. One fails to see that the common good can better be served by abolishing the use than by correcting the abuse of what is at worst only intrinsically indifferent. European nations, certainly, appear to have complete control of the situation without creating much of a stir over it.

For this reason does the Catholic Church steer clear of organizations like the Anti-Saloon League and the WCTU, which try to cram a dubious virtue down an unwilling throat. Virtue, if it is to be virtue, must be achieved by the individual of his own free will. The only possible virtue that could arise from national prohibition would be that of obedience—certainly not temperance, for temperance consists in being moderate when, paradoxically, one is free

to overindulge. The end which national prohibition would seek is admittedly good in itself, but the end has never yet been capable of justifying the means.

It does not follow, though, that the use of alcohol is never to be interdicted in given cases, for what is intrinsically indifferent or intrinsically good may through force of circumstances become intrinsically evil. Morphine, for instance, when administered by a physician, has fine medicinal properties. If employed without proper medical supervision it renders one liable to drug addic-

to drink to excess is in itself morally wrong, sinful, and therefore wholly reprehensible.

The occasional binge to which some persons treat themselves, while not the kind of drunkenness contemplated by our correspondent, is nevertheless equally immoral. Though never to be justified or minimized, it does not warrant the recall of national prohibition. Each of us has within himself a little whip, the voice of conscience, which flails him unmercifully whenever he fails in his obligations—one of which is temperateness in eating and drink-

Plants can live without animals.



tion. Once a person has become its slave, for him it is no longer something good, but something evil to be avoided at all costs. So also a motion picture may be good entertainment for an adult spectator, but at the same time morally dangerous for a juvenile because of the maturity of its theme.

What is done in these cases? The law does not on account of the many drug addicts who roam our streets prohibit outright the sale and use of narcotics. Instead, it places stringent regulations and controls upon them. The Catholic Church does not forbid its members to attend movies, but classifies motion pictures from a moral standpoint as being objectionable in their entirety, objectionable in part, objectionable only for children, and objectionable for no one.

These same principles we should apply to drinking. To imbibe is in itself at worst an indifferent act. To indulge with moderation could even in some circumstances be good. But

ing. That this voice of conscience is stilled during the commission of sin is a factor over which no external force whatever can exercise control.

It stands to reason that if we were to heed our conscience at all times—and such is the ideal we should strive to reach, but, alas, never do—we should never sin. But we have a free will. If we wished to force all people to adhere to the direction of their conscience in order to stamp all evil out of this world, we should then have to deprive man of this will. National prohibition tried just that as regards the evil of drinking—yet failed of its objective.

The case of the chronic alcoholic is not much different. Alcoholism is a disease like pneumonia and should be treated as such. It is difficult to cure and once cured its victim remains always susceptible to a relapse. What happens in alcoholism is that a person permits his will to succumb to the craving for drink.

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It is an insatiable thirst that impels him to lay aside the dignity of his manhood. No device is for him too mean—lying, cheating, stealing, even murder—if only therewith he can toss a few drops of fiery liquid down his parched throat.

Unlike the occasional drinker, such an unfortunate being has no limit up to which he can be allowed to drink. For him there is no question of temperance. For him even one little sip is excessive, because where there is no will to resist one sip leads to another and another until the old story is repeated. For him the use of alcohol is therefore intrinsically wrong. He faces but one moral solution; he has but one measure of temperance to guide him. He must leave it strictly alone; he must become a teetotaler: His conscience imposes upon him the practice of total abstinence.

How to make him practice it? Certainly not by reducing the whole nation to thirst. Again there is a law which covers his diseased condition. It is the natural law which forbids us to expose ourselves to the

by individualized aid, of the nature given by such organizations as the Catholic Total Abstinence Union and Alcoholics Anonymous, both of which consider the alcoholic a personalized problem.

The former carries on the crusading work of the celebrated Father Mathews in Philadelphia. Its president, the Rev. John W. Keough, writes in the November-December (1945) number of the Catholic Advocate: "The Catholic Church alone, through her dispensation of divine grace and the bestowal of Christ, the Man-God, in Holy Communion, provides a power unmatched for the effective reclamation of the alcoholic. The Church has approved the means or methods fostered by the Union to achieve these excellent ends (viz., the reclamation of the alcoholic and the promoting of the virtue of sobriety), which are the receiving of divine grace and of the sacraments of Penance and the Holy Eucharist. It is precisely because a Catholic... fails to make proper use of the means of divine grace and of the sacraments provided by the Church,

we can draw a number of conclusions. The main one and most important one is that controls are certainly in order as regards the use and the sale of alcoholic beverages. For the use of such drinks we have our conscience as our guide in being temperate in all things. If we then want to leave alcohol altogether alone, why, so much the better. That is virtue added to virtue.

Regarding the sale of liquor, too, we have the necessary controls. There exist regulations, though they are not always in force, that forbid liquor dealers and bartenders to sell wine, beer, and whiskies to minors and to those whom they suspect of already having had enough. That some liquor merchants and barkeepers ignore these regulations is a major contributing factor in the abuse of alcohol. Those who are delinquent in this respect are often more responsible for the downfall of an alcoholic than the weak-willed unfortunate himself. They are no different from the ones who put a loaded gun into a child's hand and bid him to pull the trigger. They become accessories to the crime of drunkenness, whether chronic or occasional. There never is any excuse for them to let a patron stagger home, after leaving his paycheck in the corner saloon, to his neglected wife and needy children.

The laws, after all, are there. What is needed is enforcement of these laws, not prohibition. Man has his conscience and his free will. The government has imposed restraints. Let the government, therefore, enforce them as it enforces the narcotic regulations.

In the long run, national prohibition is nothing more than an expedient for shirking our moral duties and obligations. Besides, we can lead a horse to water, but we cannot make him drink. More exactly, we can outlaw alcoholic beverages all we want, but we cannot wring out of the experiment the virtue of sobriety. For, if a man wants a drink badly enough—and has no moral reason to deny himself—he will have that drink.



Animals cannot get along without the vegetable kingdom.

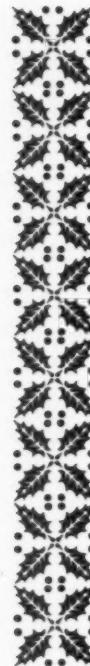
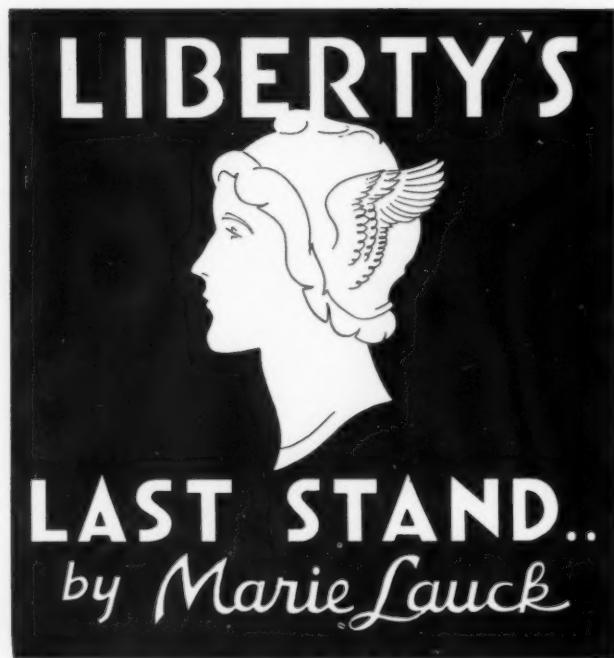
occasion of sin. It is the law which commands us to avoid anything that will harm or injure the body or the soul. It is the law of self-preservation—a law even stronger than the voice of conscience.

Needless to say, the alcoholic is an individual who does not respond readily to a panacea destined for a general situation. Where the will has so degenerated as barely to exist, even the law of self-preservation does not register with him. That law, therefore, needs to be backed up

that he or she, in loving something more than God, falls away from God and His Church into corrupting vices, one of which is intemperance."

The results achieved by Alcoholics Anonymous likewise show that it is possible to effect reclamation without resorting to the extreme of imposing total abstinence on a whole nation. Their work is with the individual and appears to be highly successful.

From what we have been saying,



LHAT LADY is about to make her final bow. The curtain will be drawn. Forever Lady Liberty loses face. Well, maybe you wouldn't exactly call it "losing" face, for there will be a face to replace hers. Yet, it isn't her face. For the first time in 29 years Lady Liberty has moved off the American dime and Mr. Roosevelt's likeness replaces hers.

Now, mine is a meager voice. But geewillikers, Lady Liberty on the dime was the only one left worth looking at today! Can this be America when we've lost her? What kind of designers are those fellows making coins over there in that beautiful city of Washington, D. C.?

Our lads have been out shedding their blood for Lady Liberty. They cheer her wildly as they ship back home. Her loved torch in Manhattan Bay is Light—Secular light, true, but the Light of American Freedom! She is symbolic of Democracy and all the fine things for which our country stands! We love her. And for so these many years she has lost significance on our American mazuma. No wonder the dollar's deflated.

The faces of men, handsome if hatchet-faced,

have identified our coppers, nickels, two-bits for some time now. That figure on the half-dollar, well, if she's a lady, she doesn't look like Lady Liberty, with her cow-jumped-over-the-moon Amazon stride. Oh,—"you want I should say" that Lady Liberty still lives on our American dollar???

Can this be Liberty, this adenoidal woman of the receding chin, this characterless slack-lipped person with the uncombed tresses and the spikes in her hair?

If this be Liberty, then the inscription "In God We Trust" under her frown becomes a prayerful last-stand ejaculation: "Only God Can Save Us Now!"

Yesteryear's decorative chaplet over softly curling locks and classic flawless features may be worn, but the Lady thereon is dignified. Here she is, on a coin marked 1879, impervious to the age her long-range purchasing power attests.

Her dignity probed my memory for a modern application, and at last I remembered. It was the O. Henry story about the enchanted profile. That fluid author described a young lady: "The stenographer and typewriter of the Acropolis Hotel . . . was a holdover from the Greek classics. There wasn't a flaw in her looks . . . She had unfailing kindness

and good nature; and not even a white-lead drummer or a fur importer had ever dared to cross the deadline of good behavior in her presence. The entire force of the Acropolis, from the owner who lived in Vienna down to the head porter who had been bedridden for sixteen years, would have sprung to her defense in a moment." This flawless feminine caused upheaval in staid Wall Street because her head was "a dead ringer for the lady's head on the silver dollar."

The contrast between this lovely lady and that of the modern silver dollar is like contrasting classic St. Agnes with Hitler's female storm trooper! Somehow I doubt whether even a finger would be lifted at the Acropolis in defense of this lady of the modern dollar.

Even the reverse of the dollar has suffered. Long years of American protest against the bird of prey must have inspired this modern American Eagle, which bears so little resemblance to the older patriotic spread-eagle design carried so gallantly to victory by our pioneer ancestors.

Our modern half-dollar shows this same tendency to glorify a militant angry eagle out for prey rather than the symbolic American eagle. Is there a degeneration in American art as immortalized by coins? What art is more precious to the modern materialist?

My amateurish knowledge of art in coins may be dubbed only a passing fancy. The fancy will pass should the coin lose that American magic known as buying power. Therefore any similarity between this effusion and a capable criticism of modern art is purely coincidental and not to be construed as worthy of refutation.

Yet there is the question: does modern art, in this most commonly known form, the only form of art many moderns recognize, reflect modern ideals? Sad to say, to many Americans the dollar represents the ultimate end of all effort and desire. And look at the sad apple of all human representations that this modern dollar depicts!

Both could certainly stand a change: the lady of the dollar who is a shrew and the covetousness for same which—well?

Well . . . anyway why not give Roosevelt an honor more fitting the hero of the common man? He who made the dollar more within the reach of all, deserves his countenance on the dollar. And besides, the lady on our dime is a lady we rather cherish. And it's the last coin she still decorates, as a classic lady. The lady on the modern dollar is no lady and would well be replaced by a gentleman.



Philip Gendreau Photo

Her loved torch in Manhattan Bay is Light—secular light true, but the Light of American Freedom!

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January

OPEN LETTER TO JOE STALIN

The Good Old U.S.A.

My dear Joe:

In writing this letter to you, I am merely following a custom that is fundamental in our country. It is known as "writing to your congressman." Any citizen who has a complaint to make sits down at his desk or table, takes pen in hand, and tells his representative in Washington, D. C., just what is on his mind. As a matter of fact, you can write to any person occupying any governmental position, whether elective or appointive, and make a few suggestions. That means that the fellow sitting behind the police desk in your neighborhood; the alderman in the city council; or even the president of the United States of America can be on your mailing list. And may I make this point clear, no secret police appear at your door because you write such a letter. Nor do you vanish on a cloudy morning into thin air because the contents of such letter was not very pleasant to read.

The next thing is to tell you something about myself. You can call me a journalist and my writings hold small comfort for the members of the Communist Party in either your country or mine. My articles appear in various Catholic publications and I show the fundamental differences between the principles of Democracy and the Catholic Church on the one hand and those of Atheistic Communism and Dictatorship on the other hand. That would make me automatically persona non grata within the confines of your large country. I suffer from no illusion whatsoever that my writings have in the past ever changed the viewpoint of any Red or Pink in our country. Having met them face to face, let me praise at once the faithful service you get from these people. Russia is the Utopia of tomorrow come to earth today; the party line of Moscow is the eternal truth in print; and our country is in a terrible state. I am not going to be so naive as to suggest to you that these adherents all should take the first plane flying over the pole and go to the land of the Soviets. Their answer long ago to me was that they wanted to bring the blessings of Communism to the poor deluded fools who were living under the iron heel of dictatorial capitalism in America. Sounds sort of good, doesn't it, eh?

In regard to the talk about a possible war between Russia and the United States, you may be interested in some highlights about the matter. We have a thing which we call Freedom of Speech over here and hence you hear people discuss all sorts of problems, anyplace and everyplace. It may be on a public beach; on a crowded bus coming home from work; a friendly gathering to celebrate the fact that the mother-in-law is going away for a few weeks; or even on a street corner. Just now they are talking about your home territory. Some say a war is inevitable. Others think it would be terrible to see the two most powerful countries in the world undertake a blood bath. Of course, we have the atom bomb just now and you don't need my word for its terrific effects upon any given area. In addition, though the Russian people might not know all the details, surely you and your generals know the efficiency and productive capacity of our factories. Remember . . . that's what saved you, funny thing, that communism was saved by capitalism, but just now we do not have to talk about the ingratitude of the grateful. Just one thought I want to call to your attention. Regardless of what your spies tell you,

S.A.

we have been at war and will continue to be at war with you and your doctrines. Every day that democracy functions better you have a weakening of the doctrines of communism. There can never be a meeting of minds or a compromise in regard to that which is irreconcilable. This new world in which we measure distance in terms of time—and the airplane has made it such a small world—isn't big enough for both sets of doctrines. Something has got to happen and will happen, and offhand I advise you to secretly learn how to speak English and bank a little extra funds in this country. In the meantime you can try to get better spies, for this last bunch you have had here and in Canada just messed things up terribly.

And another thing. A lot of people in my country are getting fed up about the simple matter of fair play. Your adherents here just don't know what that term means. Maybe I can explain it to you. We have an expression, "What is sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander." And there is still another saying, "Do unto others what you would they do unto you." Put them both together and it simply means you can't shift standards; you can't say one thing is good for us and bad for you; you have to be able to take it as well as dish it out. Now for some examples. Over here we actually have a communist party. Why can't we have a Party for Democracy in Russia? If its o.k. for you to have boys here shouting for Russia, why can't we have our followers over in your country shouting for the U.S.A.? See what I mean? Or anytime your troops move into a country, you are always pictured as bringing liberation. If we move troops any place, you call it imperialism! As for our schools and your schools, here you have a nice mess on hand. We have teachers who think your country is wonderful and tell our students how marvellous everything is and that Russia's system should be brought right over here. Would you allow teachers in your school system to tell the students how wonderful the U.S.A. is and that democracy should be substituted for Communism? I bet that last one must give you a good laugh. Or the latest one is how we must co-operate with you. Fine! But how about you co-operating with us? Does that also follow? Take Peron down in South America as the latest illustration. Your boys here tell us we must give him the cold shoulder because he played ball with the Nazis! But you did the same thing with Hitler and in addition you have even sent a trade delegation down to Argentine and are willing to do business with Peron. But the thing that really gives me a smile is what happens to all those who have tried to help you. The long list of revolutionists who have suffered, from Trotsky and others down the list, testifies aptly to the kiss of death. As for Draja Mihailovitch, your little puppet Tito rewarded him for saving Russia. If it wasn't for the fight he put up and the fact he upset Hitler's timetable, your people might be learning the correct way of pronouncing German words.

I really don't know at the given moment how much power you have or whether or not the present clique in charge of Russia is composed of power drunk military men bent on an expansion program. But if you really are concerned with the happiness of the people in your country, and want to help them, do you know that if you want to send food and clothing to Russia to help a person, you have to pay a duty on it! And since it is so high, you just don't send that package. Why not help your own proletariat? Just for the record you ought to see the loads of food they serve at Soviet Functions in Washington and elsewhere.

If you ever do get this letter, please feel free to answer any comment I have made. For I do know you are made of flesh and blood, in spite of the attitude of some of your followers, who think you are the Lord Himself!

Harold Gluck

THE GREATEST LIBRARY



IN THE WORLD

BY
J. CASEY

OFTEN we hear people lamenting the fact that they never had an opportunity of getting an education. They could not attend school and did not have access to a good library, and other similar comments. Yet, in all probability, these same people could have acquired knowledge of an unequaled kind, in all branches of learning, for most likely they did have access to the most wonderful library in the world—the BIBLE.

This Great Book is almost encyclopedic in its scope. It is, indeed, very regrettable that comparatively few take advantage of the vast storehouse of information this marvelous library affords. Those who have a thirst for wisdom and knowledge may evaluate it according to their own peculiar needs. For those who seek solace for the soul; for those who value it for its superiority as the literary legacy of all ages, and for the historian and the archaeolo-

gist it is the indispensable handbook.

To do full justice to the wonders of it is beyond the power of any human writer, but may be described to a certain extent. So let us enter this great library and examine its contents more carefully.

Just what subject do you like best? Are you interested in law? Do you, by chance, prefer history? Or maybe your preference is travel, or biography? Or perhaps the department that deals with the world's most famous proverbs appeals to you? This Library contains books of vision and prophecy. The department of lyrics is unsurpassed. Adventure and stories of heroic deeds, nature studies, letters and correspondence, these and many more literary forms are to be found here.

Possibly you have become confused with such a surprising amount of material and do not know just which subject to take up first? If that be the case, let us start at the beginning and enter the:



Science Department

In the first great division of the immense halls of the Library, one finds it contains information of astounding breadth, taking in heaven and earth, sun, moon and stars, oceans and continents, prehistoric beasts and immense masses of living creatures: Creeping things, beast and cattle, birds, fish and man.

The student of zoology would fairly revel in the information obtainable in this division. The flowers, plants and trees mentioned here would keep one who is interested in botany busy for many, many hours. Here are records of the first astronomers,

and work of great physicians.

An entire section is devoted to describing the most tremendous catastrophe that has ever taken place since man inhabited the earth. The mighty deluge that "rolled its mighty waters over mountain summits, and engulfed in awful destruction all the inhabitants of the earth," except just the few who were spared to repopulate the earth.

Spend as much time in this department as you desire. Tarry along, or pass through quickly, but you cannot fail to obtain great benefit from even a short stay here.

History Department

While not written as a history, the Bible narratives reflect, rather than relate, history. The inspired writers portrayed historical events in terms of their spiritual values. These narratives include records of brave pioneers, men of great faith, the patriarchs, showing the pastoral life. Here too are recorded the confusions and troubles of the roving shepherds, together with their victories.

The student becomes enthralled as he proceeds in his own way over distant trails of the long, long ago. Here is the true and thrilling story of the father, who with breaking heart, yet strong to make the sacrifice, prepares to offer his only and dearly beloved son as a sacrifice.

Then there is the simple, but appealing story of a man and maid who were joined in the holy bonds of matrimony, he to become a patriarch, and she an ancestress of countless numbers. Then there is an account of the brothers who were separated by a quarrel, but were finally reconciled.

Then follows the account of where an entire nation was in bondage, crushed by hardships, put to

use selfishly, until one of their own members, by a notable series of circumstances, becomes first the favorite adopted son of the ruler's own daughter, then a runaway, and at last the great emancipator used to guide a mighty people through the wilderness to a new beginning and a national existence in a land, far, far away. However, before they leave from their confinement, the nation that despoiled them was itself made, indeed to suffer, in a series of truly amazing calamities.

The records of wars and battles, burning cities, falling walls, the very sun and moon standing still in the heavens, "And the sun stood still, and the moon stayed, until the people had avenged themselves upon their enemies," makes most exciting and interesting reading. Then wonderful peace and prosperity and rest are followed by decline and the state of being under the power of adjoining peoples. Continued struggles, reverses and victories of a great nation may be followed by the student who admires history.

And since history and biography go hand in hand, let us enter:

Biography Department

Here the deeds of various people are recorded. There is drama in the record of where a mere youth brought to earth a mighty general, and the youth dominates the scene for many years, until at last he is seated upon a throne and issuing commands concerning the most remarkable of all kingdoms,

and preparing the way for his successor, who reigns in unrivaled glory.

One of the most appealing stories is that of the noble boy who was taken from his father and sold into slavery, kept in irons because of the wiles of a woman, finally released from prison and elevated

to the highest place of honor in a mighty kingdom. While in this position he showed great kindness to the very ones who were responsible for his exile.

Here the deeds of one mighty man are recorded. He teaches, disciplines and rules. He leads his people into war and then in peace he leads them over mountains and plains, through ocean, over arid wastelands, until they come at last to the edge of a land of great fertility. There they draw back in great fear because of the inhabitants whom they must defeat, though not in their unaided human strength. For forty long, weary years, they wander, until death takes the one who led them forth. Alone, this great leader, climbs a rocky, lonely mount, and dies. His tomb is not known to man.

Biography found in this section is unsurpassed, because here kindness and righteousness meet and blend in perfect unity in book upon book, chapter

upon chapter, in the records of the deeds of the greatest Man the world has ever known—the Savior of all mankind. And then follow accounts of the kingdom divided, its magnificence diminished. More wars and troubles, ever going downward, until on the very verge of chaos. These terrible conditions spread to other nations, but one recovers its national life and its former estate and stands proudly, a distinct people, restored to their land, yet subject to a greater empire. This nation looks for its Messiah, but when He does appear they reject Him, and after barely tolerating Him for a few years, put Him to death. As one reads this account, sadness indescribable engulfs the reader.

There are many other interesting biographical sketches of mighty men, modest heroes and noble women in the Library.

Sociology Department

In this section may be found description of first homes; camel-hair tents spread over poles, are used largely by the shepherds. But after the return to Canaan from Egypt, the people settle down to community life, with part living in towns and villages and others taking up the occupation of farmers, vine-dressers, and husbandmen, and construct more substantial homes. Pretty word pictures of agricultural activities, the reaping of the grain and the mid-day meal of the reapers and gleaners, are found in this section, as well as kinds of crops grown, tools used in agriculture, domesticated animals and beasts of burden, early means of transportation and roads

are vividly described.

When the woman of Sunam was planning a room for a guest, she proposed to "set for him there a bed, and a table, and a stool, and a candlestick." Cups, bowls, water jugs and lamps made of copper and bronze are common household articles, according to information in this department. There are mirrors and spoons, but knives and forks are unknown.

In addition to the furnishings of the home, we learn here of wedding customs, how marriages are arranged by parents or close relatives or friends, preparations for the wedding, how bride and groom dress, wedding feast and other details.

Literature and Art Department

Here is found outstanding evidence of the superiority of the early people in the field of literature.

In the letter section, the subjects are many. Here are letters that dwell on personal problems, and on interest of general scope. Some on deep subjects, simple thoughts, yet all are beautiful and noble.

Here are records of pictures and sculpture, and

frequent reference to "apples of gold on beds of silver." Many musical instruments are mentioned here, including harp, lute, violin, flute, organ, trumpet and others.

Pottery making, basket weaving, spinning, weaving and sewing are described here, as are also art objects made of gold and silver.

Law Department

By all means one should not pass up this interesting department. Much may be learned of laws,

statutes, government and jurisprudence. Rules of health and measures of sanitation are also found here.

(Continued on page 32)

Black Market Delinquents



ON'T bother me now, Jimmy, I haven't time; go away and do something," mother said.

Jimmy went away and did something. He got his BB rifle and sauntered down the path. A few small neighborhood boys intrigued by the gun gathered about him.

Jimmy wasn't too nice at answering their questions. "Go tell your mother she wants you," he shooed them. They dropped back but followed none the less.

At the garage Jimmy stopped. In a corner he crouched against the half open door. A stone's throw away the boys stood wide-eyed, watching. Jimmy turned his eyes upward scanning for a possible target. He cocked his rifle.

"There's one," shouted a small boy, pointing skyward.

"Be quiet," Jimmy hissed in a menacing tone, "before I bopp you one." He set his finger firmly on the trigger and watched again.

With eyes upraised he did not see his little brother Jack come upon the small boys. The sudden confusion of voices as Jack joined the group

brought Jimmy's eyes to their level with a heated reprimand. "Keep still!" Then he saw his brother. He barked, "Scram Jackie, and take those kids with you."

But Jackie challenged, "Let's see you hit a bird."

"Well, you better be quiet," Jimmy warned; "noise scares the birds away." Scarcely had he finished when he spotted a sparrow. He aimed. Quick as he was on the trigger, the bird was quicker.

The boys laughed. Jackie said, "You missed; you couldn't hit an elephant."

"Couldn't eh?" Jimmy's tone was ugly. Before Jackie knew what was happening, Jimmy grasped the gun by the butt and wickedly wacked the top of Jackie's head.

The boys scattered. Jackie's hand flew to his head. He whimpered, "I'm going to tell Mom on you." He held blood-stained fingers to Jimmy. "Look, it's bleeding."

"You tell and I'll give you worse than that," Jimmy ground out, strutting back to the garage. He turned and spotted another bird. Instantly he cocked the gun and

fired. The bird fluttered, tumbled through space, hit the hard cement and lay motionless.

Jimmy grinned, "Perfect shot!" Then he came toward Jackie. "Let's see the head," he said, adding, "Heck, it's only a scratch."

"Don't feel like a scratch," answered Jackie.

"Come on, I'll take you over to Mike's and buy you a cone—that is—if you don't tell Mom I hit you," Jimmy bargained.

Jackie agreed. Jimmy put the gun in the garage and off they trotted, the bird forgotten.

So what? A boy shot a bird. What has that to do with black market delinquents? Does that make him one?

The story just told has plenty to do with black market delinquents. The F.B.I. speaker uncovered the fact, yet strangely enough, the boy in the case is not the delinquent. True he wilfully wounded a creature of God and the bird may have a mark on its body, but the boy is

Ann McGarvey

more marked than the bird. No one can disregard the laws of the Creator without feeling the effects, sooner or later.

Jimmy didn't bother to see if the bird was wounded or dead, or see the stealthy cat, a bell tingling on its neck, come upon its prey, the little bird helpless to escape. It is not a pretty picture the bird and cat present, but more pathetic is the picture of the boy with a gun. Eventually, like the bird, he is caught, unable to escape—with this difference—he is caught in the wiley net of the law instead of the cat's claws.

Yet the boy is not the delinquent. Who then is? Does it seem like a riddle? Riddles make you think. Perhaps that is what the F.B.I. speaker had in mind when he addressed us.

How does the boy get the gun? In some instances, he smuggles the gun into his possession, but the proportion is small. In most instances the gun is the gift of parents, or others, with the parents' knowledge and consent.

We may scoff or scorn; it remains a fixed fact—A gun means one thing—death. A gun is to kill. Whether

toy or real, the seeds of evil are sown. Are the parents, then, the delinquents?

The F.B.I. answered the question. One of their representatives, a Catholic, came to the Church auditorium to address parents.

The date of the address was heralded by postal to every Sodalist in the parish, and was announced from the altar at Mass. All parents were urged to attend. The auditorium should have been filled with listeners for such an occasion. Of the hundreds of parents, a handful were present, perhaps because there are too many of us like the F.B.I. gentleman described: smug, lacking interest, or with an "it can't happen to mine" attitude.

Those who went to the address displayed none too keen an interest. The speaker quoted figures. We listened vaguely. Appalling figures, but not too frightening. They concerned other parents and their wayward offspring. Even when the speaker whittled the figures down to 500 crimes committed every 20 seconds we gasped, yes, but in impersonal horror. The story of the boy and the bird slipped our mind; the gentleman revealed case his-

tories. We continued to listen with polite apathy. Many of the crime-cravers, we heard, were products of broken homes. Children confessed they had no respect for their parents. The reasons given were for crimes much worse than those of which the children were found guilty, viz., parents living licentious, fraudulent, bully, bickering lives.

We were not these parents, so we shuddered only gingerly, and readily agreed when the F.B.I. gentleman stated, "Many a child in the Reform School should not be there. The parents are the delinquents."

"But," he continued, "these parents are not the worst offenders. The worst offenders are the parents who say, 'Don't bother me now, go away and do something.'"

Our backs became somewhat straighter; he was striking close to home now, and we were indignant.

He pointed an accusing finger and his voice rumbled like the approach of thunder before a storm. "The law may hold the child and exact a penalty for his misdeeds, but the child will not be held wholly responsible before God's tribunal," he declared. "Woe to the parents who say, 'I haven't time, go away.'"

Wide awake now we sat bolt upright. Awful were his words. We thought fast after that. Guns, fore-runner of crime, are only one of the contributing factors which are abetted by parents who say, "Don't bother me now." Nor are they necessarily parents who are bridge or golf lovers, nor fashion-mad mothers, or the numbers and race-track betters. They are the mothers and fathers in the majority of any parish. Fathers who toil the day through, and at day's end settle down at home in a quiet corner with pipe and paper. All the children see is two hands holding a newspaper. Daddy's behind it. He hasn't time for Jimmy and Jane. Mother has mending, lost

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Henle Photo from
Monkmeyer Press
Photo Service, N. Y.

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buttons to replace, or floors to wax. She hasn't time to be bothered. "Go away somewhere, and don't track up these floors," she screams.

Somehow, we manage everything but the children. The home that should be a haven for all becomes a place for children to go away from. Children, the primary reason for a home, become a sideline—an inconsequential one at that. They become a burden; bothersome. Where they are seems unimportant. We give Jimmy money. He goes to the movies, when and where he pleases. He buys comic books.* He goes to his room, shuts the door, switches on the radio to any program that fits his fancy. For a time there is quiet in the home. The quiet of the morgue, if we but knew! Jimmy is feeding his fertile mind with gangster and sex notions displayed alluringly for his information and inspection. And when crime crops up in him we blame it on companions, glands, anything, but ourselves.

The F.B.I. speaker recounted records of the children's lapse in crime. The records were not given by cringing criminals but by heartbroken teen-agers locked piteously in the jaws of the law.

During 1945 the prevailing age was 17—but many who got into trouble were much less. In their own words they tell how the seeds of crime grow. Sons of teachers, policemen, lawyers. It can and does happen in any family.

Groups are formed. They give themselves fancy names. "Kid Glove Cavaliers" is but a sample. Papers are drawn up. It is all very official. But often very inconsistent. They write: We will not tolerate guns. And the first job listed to be carried out is: Steal any guns within reach. So the speaker said.

A runaway, 17 year old, was finally caught and held for the gruesome murder of a man who had given him a friendly lift in his car. "Pretty rotten of you," the officer making the arrest told the murderer. The boy looked at him mutely with haggard eyes. "I understand you had everything a boy could wish for; shabby way to treat people who



Warren Bayer Photo, from Phil Gendreau, N. Y.

There is more to duty than seeing that our children attend parochial school, get substantial meals and have clean, warm beds.

adopted you." Then the boy cried out his misery, "Adopted is right—never for a minute did they let me forget it!"

Much better had the boy never known any parents.

It is well to cite another case. There was a small cabin-like place almost buried in the pine woods. Safe for a time but crime has a way of uncovering itself. A property overseer striding along happened on the cabin. Naturally he wanted to know who was setting up a place on private property. He moved cautiously towards it. Smoke came from a tiny chimney. He peered through a small window. Young eyes met his. A group of teen-age boys dashed

out the back door. The man caught a 12 year old and forced him inside. Under pressure he squealed.

In the cabin was a cache of household goods—mostly feminine in style. Lamps, clocks, purses, ration books, jewelry—things that could be handled quickly and hidden in quick get-away.

The overseer told the boy to empty his pockets. There were a few small coins, a penknife and a rosary. "All yours?" asked the man. The boy nodded.

It can and does happen to boys in Catholic families.

All the wrong-doers, however, are not boys. There are many girls. More than one would suppose, but

not surprising after hearing the F.B.I. representative tell of a 12 year old advancing boldly to him after an address to teen-agers and inquiring, "You mean to infer that I am responsible for my actions?"

Nor should we be surprised or blame girls for such an attitude. Are we guiltless? Haven't we bought or encouraged our daughters to buy bathing suits, abbreviated halters, the skimpiest of shorts, on current display in shops, to help them parade their winsome wiles? And what of party dresses with the señorita-off-the-shoulder necklines that we voted "adorable"? A girl is taught to capitalize all the pretty innocent charm that God endows youth with, but oh, for so different a reason than He intended!

The F.B.I. man spoke stark truth. Throughout his talk he did not retract or change his statement that parents who say, "I haven't time, don't bother me" were the worst of delinquents. On the contrary, he repeated it. If we felt irritated or uncomfortably compromised, it does not change the bleak picture. The F.B.I. with facts and figures brands as delinquents, parents, particularly parents who can't be bothered, that haven't time.

No longer can we claim ignorance.

We are the delinquents, *black market* delinquents, for what is as priceless as a soul? Yet, these, our children's souls, we have been selling for a bit of time or peaceful quiet.

What are we going to do about abolishing our black market practices? We can pray, but we cannot stop there. There is more to duty than seeing that our children attend parochial school, get substantial meals and have clean, warm beds. We must *have time* for them. We must take the trouble to know where they go, what they are doing. We must snap out of our smug, lazed interest. Too many of us look upon children as possessions. They belong to God and we will have to answer to Him some day.

To indulge in wishful thinking over the harm we may have promoted in the past is useless. The wise and necessary course is to indulge in *parent self analysis*. The fact that God permitted us to be parents is proof that we are able, if we make the effort, to be the kind of parents that set the pace for Jimmy and Jane to live not only in a decent physical environment, but in a healthy mental and spiritual world as well.

So long as we were in the dark we might be excused, but now that

we have been informed by the F.B.I. there is not a moment to tarry before beginning to improve our parental ways, which means giving Jimmy more of our time—all of it if need be—until he is not only a well scrubbed, well fed child, but the virtuous and wholesome child he should be. And we are reminded that a gun is not conducive to this.

Constructive action is needed. If we fail we cannot escape the consequences. Nor will our children. With a little foot and head action we can accomplish much. Put our foot down on some things. Display more interest in Jimmy. Many undesirable notions will then disappear, lessening the foot action considerably. Open our hearts *at all times*. Children crave affection. These other things they seek are but a substitute. Give them the genuine and the wicked things will soon lose their allurements. *We must never say again, "I haven't time, go away."*

Does it sound like a tall task? Whether it is or isn't, it must be tackled. It may mean the difference between a child living a natural happy life, or being a miserable victim of a Reform School, or even worse. It may mean the difference between saint or sinner, in both the child and the parent!

Continued from page 28

Poetry and Lyric Department

Let us linger in the superlatively beautiful part of the library, the department of poetry and lyrics. Some of the most beautiful sentiments ever expressed in writing are found in here.

The finest poetry in the world, called parallelism, that is, an arrangement in couplets or pairs, the second line repeating or contrasting the thought of the first, is to be found here. There is no accent, or counting of syllable, no rhyme or rhythm, yet true poetry, no one will deny. There is much outside of the poetical books, and the oldest piece of writing in the Bible is a song, that of a woman.

Another wing of this section is devoted to proverbs and wise sayings, some poetic, others in grand prose—exhortation to obedience, blessings of faith, contentment and chastity, all of a superlative class, because only superior material is found in this Library.

It is the hope of the writer that this brief, but truly inadequate description, of the most marvelous library in the world, may cause some one to continue exploring the vast departments and discover more and more of the wonders to be found here.

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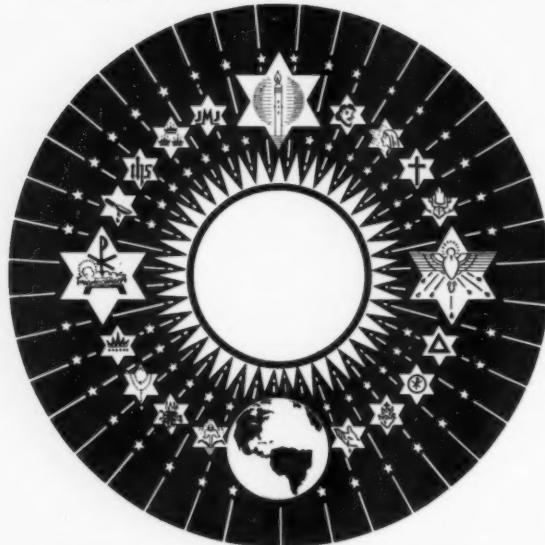


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